THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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THE FRENCH LANDING.

A Russian's Graphic Account of the Arrival of Gen. Humbert and a Regiment of Frenchmen at Killala in 1798.

Is the Muscovite Giving an Object Lesson to His Own Country?

[*United Ireland.*]

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK]

Humbert, it will be remembered, came up to Sarrazin just as Major Kerr was sounding the retreat, but it was not until early on the morning of Sunday, the 26 h of August, that he entered Ballina. This delay was principally caused by his difficulties with his allies, who lacked every kind of military training. He had not been long in the town when peasants came in with the information that the English forces in Castlebar were hourly increasing. Gen. Hutchinson had arrived there with his Galway division, and reinforcements were constantly joining him. After a few hours' rest the French commander, with his entire corps, moved out of Ballina towards Castlebar. There are two roads from Ballina to Castlebar—one through Foxford, which was the route usually chosen by travelers; the other winding round Lough Conn, after passing Crossmolina, turns abruptly southward and crosses the mountain of Fanogue. It passes under the shadow of the Great Nephin, and at a point called Barnageehy becomes a narrow defile that, properly defended, could defy the assaults of another Xerxes. Foxford was occupied by Brigadier General Taylor, commandant of the garrison of Sligo, who was on his way to Castlebar, but who, when he entered Foxford, found written orders from General Hutchinson directing him to remain there and await the French, who were expected to select that route in preference to the one by Barnageehy, which was considered impenetratable. Hutchinson was an able soldier, but he was not destined to lead the king's troops in the coming struggle. General Lake arrived in Castlebar on Saturday, the 25th of August, and took over the command. Almost from the moment of his arrival disagreements arose between him and Hutchinson. When he learned that Humbert's force on the march from Ballina, exclusive of the Irish, fell short of eight hundred regulars, he thrust Hutchinson's carefully prepared maps and plans aside. He declared that Lord Jocelyn's "Foxhunters" would suffice to account for so insignificant a foe, even if Taylor failed to hold his own at Foxford. The "Foxhunters" were a body of light horse, who, in the Curragh of Kildare, had treacherously butchered in cold blood a division of rebel prisoners who had surrendered on the express stipulation that their lives should be spared.

While Lake and Hutchinson were debating, Humbert was marching by the Barnageehy route, of which he had been informed by Father Conroy, parish priest of Adergool. In order to deceive the English he first marched his army some distance down the Foxford road, and then at nightfall suddenly turned to his right and proceeded towards Crossmolina. Father Conroy, learning that a man named William Burke had been despatched to the British commander with information as to the route of the French, overtook the messenger, made him retrace his steps and take the United Irishmen's oath. Father Conroy and Burke were afterwards hanged in Castlebar.

The tramp over the Fanogue mountains through the night was one of great hardship.

Heavy rain had made the roads almost impassable even for the men. The two curricle guns and the ammunition wagons drawn by farm horses, were constantly sticking in the mud. The horses soon became unserviceable and were replaced by the peasantry who cheerfully performed the task. The carriage of one of the guns broke down, causing a delay of a couple of hours, but the men bore all their troubles with light hearts, keeping up their spirits with snatches of patriotic songs, and at length, at the dawn of the day, the column emerged from the pass of Barnageehy. A Protestant yeoman, seeing the line of blue coats, sped to Castlebar with the intelligence. It was received at first incredulously. The English were convinced that Humbert had taken the Foxford route, but, to make sure, General French set out, accompanied by a few dragoons, to reconnoitre. They had ridden about three miles when they were fired upon by a French picket. There was no doubt about it now. The French *were* coming! The horsemen whipped up their steeds and galloped back to Castlebar.

In a few moments after their arrival the stillness of the morn was broken by the sound of the alarm bells, the bugle's blast and the shout and vociferations of the excited soldiery. Realizing the gravity of the situation and his own helplessness, General Lake gave Hutchinson *carte blanche* to arrange the troops in line of battle. Hutchinson at once sent orderlies to the various division commanders with instructions to march to an elevation at the north east extremity of the town known as Mount Barren, which had been selected the day before as an alarm post. A good deal of confusion resulted from the unexpectedness of the alarm, but within one hour some order was restored, and when the sun burst out from over the hillocks, the British army—about six thousand strong, with eighteen guns—was drawn up in imposing battle array prepared to receive the enemy.

It was drawn up in three lines, running from east to west across the crest of the hill. They commanded a slight elevation in front over which any attacking force from the north must necessarily pass. The first line consisted of a portion of the artillery, including two curricle guns served by men of the royal Irish artillery, under Captain Shortall, an experienced officer, the Kilkenny militia, a portion of the 6th regiment of foot, under Major M'Bean, and a detachment of the Prince of Wales fencibles. Captain Shortall himself took post with the two curricle guns in front of the line, the Kilkenny regiment being stationed at his right, and the Kilkenny artillery to his left, separated by a road, but parallel to him. The second line was composed of what might be called the flower of the army, the Fraser fencibles—Scotch highlanders—in their national tartans, plaids and feathers, who had fought bravely throughout the rebellion without dimming the lustre of their arms by acts of wanton cruelty. The Frasers were supported by a corps of Galway militiamen, both bodies having been drawn up in irregular lines, so as to fully occupy the summits of the British position. In a valley on the left of the elevation held by the Kilkenny troops, stood several companies of Longford yeomanry.

However, the strength of Lake's army lay principally in its cavalry, which comprised some of the best troops in the king's service. There was Lord Jocelyn's light horse, already mentioned for their treacherous cruelty in Kildare; there was the 6 h carbineers; the 23 l light dragoons; Lord Roden's Roxborough fencible cavalry, and several squadrons of yeomanry horse. The bulk of this imposing body of mounted men occupied a large space in the rear of the first line, Lake's apparent intention being to throw them upon the foe as soon as the artillery and musketry fire had sown confusion in the ranks. Among the officers commanding the king's forces were a number of English and Anglo-Irish noblemen, who had promised themselves good sport shooting down the *sans-culottes* and hanging the "croppies." When, towards eight o'clock, General Humbert and his staff, arrived within sight of the British lines and beheld the heights scarlet with the uniforms of the regulars and militia, they concluded within themselves that the game was lost in advance. At a glance they recognized the fact that the one possibility they had counted on—viz, a surprise of the enemy—was out of the question. Nothing now remained to counterbalance his weight of numbers and his almost unassailable front. Humbert decided that if he were destined to succumb he would at least maintain the honor of his flag. He accordingly took immediate measures to attack the British position. He first formed a column from the ranks of the Irish insurgents, and sent them ahead to drive in the English outposts, and commenced the assault on the foremost line of artillery. Close behind the Irish followed General Sarrezin with the grenadiers. Short work was made of the outposts, and elated by their easy success the simple minded peasants, many of them clad in the French uniform, made a bold dash at the enemy's guns. Not a sound issued from these until the assailants were within fifty yards. Then Captain Shortall gave the signal, the gunners applied their fuses, and the head of the attacking column was literally split in twain, the messengers of destruction leaving a furrow thickly strewn with dead and dying. The survivors, most of whom in their unfrequented regions had never perhaps until that day heard the report of a musket, much less witnessed the effects of artillery fire, were overwhelmed with terror. They turned upon their heels and sped down the mountain side in wild confusion. They took no further share in the battle of Castlebar.

"It was now the turn of the French to face Shortall's fire." Sarrezin's Grenadiers, undisturbed by the precipitate flight of their allies, marched steadily up the slope with fixed bayonets, and approached the British centre. At the same time a battalion of the line moved towards the British left. The French were aided in their movements by the the peculiar formation of the ground, which, intersected by stone walls and high hedges, afforded them excellent shelter against the small arms' fire of the enemy. Sarrazin's first attack, however, proved a failure. The English artillery, superbly served once more, performed its deadly office. One of Shortall's shots cut clean through the infantry battalion, who, seeing themselves taken at a disadvantage, ran to the cover of a small house near by. The Grenadiers then wheeled half way, and under a galling musketry and artillery fire rushed to the relief of their brethren. After this the attacking force retreated down the slope, leaving many dead and wounded. A very brief period intervened before the next attack. The French this time attempted to neutralize the effects of the enemy's marksmanship by driving some cattle in front of them, but such of the poor brutes as were not shot down at the first discharge, scampered terror stricken into the very ranks they were intended to screen, nearly causing irremediable disorder.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK]

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

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WASHINGTON'S NOBILITY.

He Rebukes Bigotry in the Revolutionary Army and Acknowledges America's Debt of Gratitude to the Catholics.

Instructive Lessons From American History.

NATIVIST BIGOTRY.

The sympathizers with the Junior Order of American Mechanics and their fellow bigots of the Patriotic Order Sons of America, must realize to the point of grotesqueness, the absurdity of the claims of these know nothing organizations to be the true friends of liberty, the only "simon-pure" Americans, when they read the words of Washington and his commendation of the patriotism of the Catholics. His testimony to the material aid rendered by them to accomplish this country's freedom, is in itself sufficient refutation of the charges of these "hole-in-the-corner" patriots that the Catholic and foreign elements in our population are a menace to republican institutions.

Virginia had in the number and violence of her penal laws against the clergy and people who professed the ancient faith, exceeded all other colonies. Under the new impulse she showed a complete change, and her statesmen were foremost in advocating religious liberty. With this sentiment Washington was imbued, and he showed it on taking command of the Continental army which held the British in Boston.

IN THE CALENDAR OF ENGLAND

the 5th of November had been kept annually as a holiday to commemorate the discovery of the gunpowder plot against James I. There it was "Guy Fawkes' Day." Puritans could not very consistently hold celebrations to denounce Catholics for attempting to kill the father when they themselves actually killed the son. But as the neglect to observe the day might be censured, they shrewdly compromised the matter—"Guy Fawkes' Day" became "Pope Day" in New England. A figure to represent the person whom the majority of Christians on earth honored as their supreme pontiff, was carried in mockery through the streets of Boston and other New England towns, and finally burned amid the huzzas of the rabble. Occasionally there were several processions, and on one occasion the adherents of two rival popes in Boston attacked each other with great fury.

WASHINGTON'S LIBERALITY.

Soon after General Washington took command of the American army he was informed that "Pope Day" was to be celebrated in camp. The insult to the Catholic religion was distasteful to his more liberal mind, and as congress was making every exertion to win the favor of the Canadians, and the Catholics in the northwest and in Maine, he saw how impolitic such an exhibition of bigotry would be. He accordingly issued the following order, which abolished "Pope Day" forever, the celebration of 1774 having been the last:

"November 5. As the commander in chief has been apprised of a design formed for the observance of that ridiculous and childish custom of burning the effigy of the Pope, he cannot help expressing his surprise that there should be officers and soldiers in the army so void of common sense as not to see the impropriety of such a step at this juncture; at a time when we are soliciting, and have really obtained the friendship and alliance of the people of Canada, whom we ought to consider as brethren embarked in the same cause—the

DEFENSE OF THE LIBERTY OF AMERICA.

At this juncture, and under such circumstances, to be insulting their religion is so monstrous as not to be suffered or excused; indeed, instead of offering the most remote insult, it is our duty to address public thanks to these, our brethren, as to them we are indebted for every late happy success over the common enemy in Canada."

Yet as late as Nov. 5, 1774, the Pope in effigy had been paraded with the devil through the streets of not only New England towns, but even of Charleston, and burned on the common, in presence of a numerous crowd of people.

The election of General George Washington as president under the constitution, and the happy organization of the new government, were viewed by Catholics with joy.

To express the sentiments which pervaded the faithful throughout the United States, the bishop elect of Baltimore, in behalf of the Roman Catholic clergy, with

CHARLES CARROLL, OF CARROLTON,

and Daniel Carroll, of Maryland, Dominick Lynch, of New York, and Thomas Fitzsimmons of Pennsylvania, on behalf of the Roman Catholic laity, presented to General Washington the following address:

"SIR: We have been long impatient to testify our joy and unbounded confidence in your being called, by a unanimous vote, to the first station of a country, in which that unanimity could not have been obtained without the precious merit of unexampled services, of eminent wisdom and unblemished virtue. Our congratulations have not reached you sooner because our scattered situation prevented our communication, and the collecting of those sentiments which warmed every breast. But the delay has furnished us with the opportunity not merely of presaging the happiness to be expected under your administration, but of bearing testimony to that which we experience already. It is your peculiar talent, in war and peace, to afford security to those who commit their protection into your hands. In war you shield them from the ravages of armed hostility; in peace you establish public tranquility by the justice and moderation, not less than by the vigor of your government. By example as well as by vigilance, you extend the influence of laws on the manners of our fellow citizens. You

ENCOURAGE RESPECT FOR RELIGION;

and inculcate by words and actions, that principle on which the welfare of nations so much depends, that a superintending providence governs the events of the world, and watches over the conduct of men. Your exalted maxims and unwearied attention to the moral and physical improvement of our country, have produced already the happiest effects. Under your administration America is animated with zeal for the attainment and encouragement of useful literature. She improves her agriculture; extends her commerce, and acquires with foreign nations a dignity unknown to her before. From these happy events, in which none can feel a warmer interest than ourselves, we derive additional pleasure by recollecting that you, sir, have been the principal instrument to effect so rapid a change in our political situation. This prospect of national prosperity is peculiarly pleasing to us on another account; because whilst our country preserves her freedom and independence we shall have a well founded title to claim from her justice, the equal rights of citizenship, as the price of our blood split under your eyes, and of our common exertions for her defense under your auspicious conduct—rights rendered more dear to us by the remembrance of former hardships. When we pray for the preservation of them, where they have been granted—and expect the full extension of them from the justice of those states which still restrict them—when we

SOLICIT THE PROTECTION OF HEAVEN

over our common country, we neither omit nor can omit recommending your preservation to the singular care of Divine Providence, because we conceive that no human means are so available to promote the welfare of the United States as the preservation of your health and life, in which we include the energy of your example, the wisdom of your counsel, and the persuasive eloquence of your virtue."

To this address President Washington made this reply:

"TO THE ROMAN CATHOLICS IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

"GENTLEMEN: While I now receive with much satisfaction your congratulations on my being called, by a unanimous vote, to the first station in my country, I cannot but duly notice your politeness in offering an apology for the unavoidable delay. As that delay has given you an opportunity of realizing, instead of anticipating the benefits of the general government, you will do me the justice to believe that your testimony of the increase of the public prosperity enhances the pleasure which I should otherwise have experienced from your affectionate address.

"I feel that my conduct, in war and in peace, has met with more general approbation than could reasonably have been expected, and I find myself disposed to consider that fortunate circumstance, in a great degree, resulting from the able support and extraordinary candor of my fellow citizens of all denominations.

THE PROSPECT OF NATIONAL PROSPERITY

now before us is truly animating, and ought to excite the exertions of all good men to establish and secure the happiness of their country, in the permanent duration of its freedom and independence. America under the smiles of a Divine providence—the protection of a good government—and the cultivation of manners, morals and piety, cannot fail of obtaining an uncommon degree of eminence in literature, commerce, agriculture, improvements at home and respectability abroad.

"As mankind become more liberal they will be more apt to allow that all those who conduct themselves as worthy members of the community, are equally entitled to the protection of civil government. I hope ever to see America among the foremost nations in examples of justice and liberality. And I presume that your fellow citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of their revolution, and the establishment of your government; or the important assistance which they received from a nation in which the Roman Catholic faith is also professed.

I THANK YOU, GENTLEMEN,

for your kind concern for me. While my life and health shall continue, in whatever situation I may be, it shall be my constant endeavor to justify the favorable sentiments which you are pleased to express of my conduct. And may the members of your society in America, animated alone by the pure spirit of Christianity, and still conducting themselves as the faithful subjects of our free government, enjoy every temporal and spiritual felicity.

"GEO. WASHINGTON."

"(MARCH 12, 1790)"

[From Washington's original reply, preserved in the archives of the archbishop of Baltimore, and published in Shea's History of the Catholic Church, vol. 1.—*Catholic Columbian*]

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HEROIC DEFENSE

Of the Irishtown at Athlone, in Spite of the Unlimited Resources of Gen. Ginckel.

Miss Banim's Story Reads Like a Chapter From the Siege of Saragossa.

ST. RUTH AND HIS ARMY

came too late to save the English town, but the castle and the Irish town yet remained untouched; and the Shannon still rolled, wide and swift, between the English and the much coveted stronghold that guarded Connaught. The one way by which this must be approached—the narrow bridge—had been rendered impassable by the Irish; it must be repaired before De Ginckel's men could set foot on the Connaught shore; but the broken arches of the bridge were right beneath the castle walls, and no works could go on while the Irish guns commanded that breach, ready to sweep away all who should attempt the repairs of the shattered causeway. The castle must be reduced before the passage of the river, at the spot, at all events, could be attempted. For this end Ginckel determined to bring together all the resources under his command, and the very same night, June 20, he commenced concentrating his artillery within the English town, and, with his officers, concerting measures for the speedy destruction of his opponents. It would seem as if that achievement must be short work indeed if we look at the array of military genius brought together in the English camp; men, as the historian remarks, who had gained their skill in arms and in war tactics on the greatest battlefields of Europe. And here again is noticeable the peculiar fact that of the chief officers commanding

THE ARMY BEFORE ATHLONE

one only is named as English. The principal in command were: De Ginckel, the Duke of Wirtemberg, the Prince of Hesse Darmstadt, Count Nassau, Count Tettau, Brigadier La Melloniere, Maj. Gen. Ruvigny, Col. Cambos, Maj Gen. Mackay, and Maj. Gen. Talmash—Dutch, German, Danish, French, Scotch and English—one English, with a very French-sounding name, all with well paid troops of these several nationalities under them. The cannon balls, the bombs, the gunpowder, and the money was true English, and such an array of them as should have brought down Athlone (with its garrison who had, each man, only one penny a day to live on) in forty-eight hours.

But the old castle, too, had brave and gifted officers and sturdy men behind its walls. Unfortunately, that very union, or rather mixture of nations, that helped the English so well, proved our disaster. No doubt has ever been raised to question the courage, skill, or honor of the Frenchman, St. Ruth; his character is generally summed up as that of an officer of "great bravery, ability, energy, and experience," but haughty and vain, and utterly ignorant of the merits and the claims of the people he came among, especially of those of the officers who had hitherto led and had won the hearts of the Irish. He could not brook that any should share with him the command of the army, and one of his first acts on his arrival in Ireland was one that finally proved the ruin of the country.

SARSFIELD,

from his well-won position as, practically, first in command, was reduced nominally to second place, really to fifth—a slight to the man who had never once faltered in his duty, and a wrong to the nation, one of whom he was in race and in heart, and whose love as well as trust he had gained. "Every fortunate incident had combined to elevate that gallant cavalry officer into the position of national leadership. He was the son of a member of the Irish Commons, proscribed for his patriotism and religion in 1641; his mother being Anna Moore, daughter of the organizer of the Catholic Confederation. He was a Catholic in religion; spoke Gaelic as fluently as English; was brave, impulsive, handsome, and generous to a fault, like the men he led. During Tyrconnel's absence every sincere lover of his country came to him with intelligence and looked to him for direction." (Magee's History of Ireland).

At Athlone, too, St. Ruth had no sooner arrived than he deposed from its governorship Col. Fitzgerald—the man who that very hour had covered himself with glory. Lieut.-Gen. D'Usson was appointed governor in his place. These acts could not but inflame the hearts of the Irish, especially as St. Ruth—jealous of power and of the influence Sarsfield and others had in the army—was haughty, insolent, and even tyrannical in his conduct both to the Irish officers and soldiers. Story says—after the siege of Athlone—"Now he (St. Ruth) begins to be very kind to, and familiar with, the Irish officers, whom for merly he had treated with disrespect and contempt; and to caress the soldiers, though a little before he would hang a dozen of them in a morning, for very slender faults, as they thought." All this was gall to hot Celtic natures, and yet, so staunch, so pure, was their devotion to their cause that, one and all, from Sarsfield, Fitzgerald, old Col. Grace, to the rawest recruit, laid aside self, and worked as men have rarely worked to save Ireland and Athlone.

If St. Ruth was vain and arrogant, yet he was a great general, and he and his officers, French, Irish, and Scotch, showed themselves more than the equals of all the skill and power that England could bring against them. But St. Ruth had two bad elements in his camp: his own overweening self confidence and traitors.

For an entire week the enemy worked night and main. Their own historians tell that night or day, their formidable batteries never ceased for one hour to pour shot and shell into the Connaught town and entrenchments. They also tried to surprise places where the Shannon could be passed at other points, but everywhere the skill and vigilance of the Irish foiled

THE TACTICS OF THE ENGLISH

and rendered their most carefully conceived plans abortive. The greater the force brought against the the Irish, the more their citadel and walls and houses were battered and fell in ruins around them, the greater seemed to grow their resources, their courage, their strength. The more "Stout Athlone" itself was ruined, the stouter her defenders appeared, braving, and successfully, the ever-increasing force brought into requisition, as, day by day, fresh stores of ammunition and formidable war engines were brought from Dublin and turned pitilessly on the little town. Eloquent men, men who understood military terms and tactics, and freely use warlike phrase, have graphically described the defense of Athlone. I will but give the day-by-day record that will show the enormous force, the energy, and skill that were brought to bear upon, and for ten long days and nights failed before, the very ruins of its walls

On June 21, 1691, the siege of the castle and Connaught town was commenced by opening fire from a battery of five 24-pounders and from six mortars. The battery was planted on the river side, and just above the bridge, and from it a deadly fire was directed against the northe-t or weakest side of the castle, the fire never ceasing from 6 in the morning until evening, when a large breach was made in the north tower. Still, all night, the fire went on unceasingly—stones, bombs and balls battering in so steadily about the breach that by 5 o'clock the next morning the whole of the northeast tower fell, but the walls held stoutly, having been lined with eighteen feet of earth the year before, by Col. Grace's orders. So fierce was the cannonading that on that day—June 23—an awful occurrence took place on the old bridge which was destined to be the scene of the greatest tragedies of those terrible days. One of the mills on the Connaught side had been fortified and garrisoned by sixty-five of the Irish. In the midst of the cannonade this mill took fire, the soldiers within could not escape, and every man but one was burned in the flames.

On the 24th more cannon arrived in the English town, and three more batteries added their fire from behind the town walls. Pontoons had been brought to the enemy's camp and three distinct attacks on Connaught were planned, namely—a strong force to cross by means of the pontoons between Athlone and Banagher, to the south; a second to try once again to force the pass at Lanesborough, fifteen miles to the north of the town; the third, to attempt to batter down the castle, but all were frustrated by the watchfulness and energy in the opposite camp, though the Irish were

SHORT OF CANNON

and had but two batteries, each consisting of three 6-pounders, one on the northeast close by the river, and a second on a height above, where Keefe street now runs; this latter played so effectively upon the English towers as to force the enemy to change their position in that quarter.

On June 26, thirty additional wagon loads of powder were brought from Dublin to the English, who had now seven batteries in ceaseless operation by day and night; "all night," writes Story, "our guns play most furiously."

Next day, June 27, 100 cart loads of cannon balls from Dublin were added to the enormous stores that continued to send out an unceasing rain of fire and death against the devoted town. An eighth battery was by this time playing from the meadows below the English town upon the road between St. Ruth's camp and Athlone—now one mass of ruins—but those very wrecks of homes were made into fortifications, from behind which the enemy who had now for seven days employed all the resources of their magnificent train of artillery, worked by their most skilled officers, yet not one foot had they advanced. The Irish had foiled every attempt as yet made to cross the Shannon. As fast as the cannon tore down the defenses on the Connaught side, barricades seemed to start from the very earth; the Irish worked as if they but gained courage with each hour.—"The French generals acknowledged they never saw more resolution and firmness in any men or any nation; nay, blamed the men for their forwardness, and cried them up for brave fellows, as intrepid as lions!" (Hawdon Papers). And as the breastworks of the Irish were levelled by the cannonading, they "worked like horses in carrying fascines to fill the trenches!" (MacNeal, Williamite officer). Though the English had now raised their works so high that "a cat could scarce appear without being knocked on the head by great or small shot"—though with the heat of the weather the wooden fascines on the Connaught side became so dry that they constantly took fire from the falling shells among them, nothing daunted the garrison. The houses burnt, and of the flanking towers of the castle down, the walls almost demolished, the streets such

A MASS OF RUINS

that "two men could scarce walk abreast," they still defied the enemy to set foot on the Connaught shore and continued to fight even in the breaches and behind strange bulwarks. Up the sloping embankments they drove herds of cattle before them and into the yawning gaps in the walls, and, as the cattle fell dead under the tremendous fire from the English guns, the Irish threw earth and wood upon the carcasses, and so formed breastworks of almost greater strength than any masonry.

This was the condition of things after nine days' siege, when Ginckel determined the town must be stormed. He would put the whole strength of his army and artillery into a final onslaught upon the town; a third and tremendous effort must be successful. The entire of his artillery was brought into play, while thirteen squadrons of wagon horses were despatched to Dublin for a further supply of ammunition, and all day long and night, June 27 and 28, Athlone was bombarded "as never I believe was town before." On the previous day, and under cover of this tremendous fire, the English had worked their way across the bridge as far as the broken arches, designing to repair the passage. "For the design of passing the river at the ford being frustrated, the general and the other great officers resolve to try what can be done in forcing our way through Athlone itself, and therefore we labor hard to gain the bridge; but what we got here was inch by inch as it were, the enemy sticking very close to it though great numbers of them were slain by our guns; and this service cost us great store of ammunition. . . . That afternoon 100 cars came from Dublin loaden with cannon ball. And all that day our guns and mortars fired without intermission. . . . That night we wrought very hard on the last arch in the enemy's possession, so that on Sunday, the 28th, in the morning our beams were laid over and partly planked." (Story). —*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

We are often deceived in the age of people having beautiful and luxuriant hair, not knowing that they use Hall's Hair Renewer to keep gray hairs away.

THE

SHAN VAN VOCHT:

A STORY OF THE

United Irishmen.

BY JAMES MURPHY

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XLII.

TO DUBLIN.

When Sir Trevor Mortimer communicated the intelligence to the soldiers, quartered in the barracks at Waterford, as to where the two fugitives were likely to be found, he wandered about in the narrow streets of which that town is composed until it was time for the mail coach to start.

There were no superstitious fears now at his heart; no despairing cry came, borne on the midnight air, to make him start in terror; no thought of the precipice on the island with the moaning sea beneath it, came into his brain. It was of Moya's information he thought—of her hurried breathless words.

Redmond! Could he really have been there? Could the mud of the Liffey have given up its dead? Of Eugene Lefebre, it was possible enough. But him! It was impossible. Surely, Moya must have been mistaken! And yet—could she? She knew him too well; knew him so intimately that that, too, was impossible. Unless, indeed, her own fears or her disordered imagination deceived her. And that other——

"Psha! the thing was wholly impossible. Old Moya was deceived." With a shudder he turned his thoughts away from the subject.

But control his thoughts as he might, and turn them in what direction he would, he could not banish the sensations of coming danger that pressed at his heart. They lay there like the touch of an icy hand, with the strange effect that they sent a burning feel along his veins to his extremities. And force as he might his attention to the surroundings—to the sleeping streets around him—they clung closer to him, sending now and then a thrill into his very brain that promptly recalled his attention to them.

How long that rift in the sky that betokened dawn was a-coming! How long, even after it had faintly showed, it was until the people in the mail coach office were up and stirring—how long after that until the mail itself was got ready. A dozen times he visited it, and as often took a circuitous route through the streets until he came to it again—thinking each turn that it surely must have started by this time, so long and leaden the minutes seemed to him; but coming to a fresh surprise each visit to find that but a short time had elapsed since his last, and that there was still no sign of its being got ready.

But Time, heedless alike of the impatient and the indolent, passes along on its unvarying career, and the hour came at last when the coach was ready to start for the metropolis.

He entered, and seated himself in a corner, wrapped his overcoat around him, buried his face in its upturned collar, and prepared to sleep. He had slept none for the past twenty-four hours; he had had a long and distressing walk into Wexford along the shore and across the fields; and he would now take the rest of which he stood so much in need.

But he found himself unable to do so. Perhaps it was the confusion and bustle attending the crowding of the coach with luggage for the long journey, and the settling of the passengers into their places. Perhaps it was that he was overwearied, and the sleep had gone astray upon him. Whatever it was, slumber was not for his eyelids; the more he shut his face in from the garish light of the morning, the more wide awake he became—the more the horrid thoughts of the night went flying through his brain. He pulled aside the collar that concealed his face, and sought to interest himself in the bustle around.

Passengers were getting in and seating themselves beside him—trampling the fresh straw under their feet to make it warm and cosy for themselves. Passengers were climbing up on the roof grumbling audibly at the inconvenience caused by the luggage. The yard in which the mail coach stood was filled with the employes of the hotel in every kind and description of dress and undress, waiting to see the mail start. All of these things gave him for the moment some distraction from the rankling uneasiness that filled him; but an occasional ugly throb at his breast recalled him to himself and to his perplexing forebodements.

At last everything was ready, and the mail was off.

Past narrow streets, where there was only room for the conveyance to pass, and in which the closed curtains showed that the sleepers therein had no notion as yet of disturbing themselves from their repose. Past the suburbs, where workingmen lived, and where the inmates having to be at their work betimes were already astir, as was clearly indicated by the open half-doors and the smoke beginning to arise in spiral wreaths of blue from the chimney tops. And so out into the country road, where the hedges were commencing to show in the gray light, and to make palpable the webs that the dew of the summer night, just expired, had woven over them—in such delicate tracery as girls' hands in Limerick or Valenciennes had never learned to weave.

Sir Trevor Mortimer drew the collar of his overcoat over his face once more, and sank back into the corner which he occupied. The air of the interior of the lumbering vehicle was growing hot and drowsy—the jolting of the machine was favorable to slumber. Insensibly, as the miles passed over, he fell asleep. And to dream.

Such dreams!

All sorts of wandering and perplexing ideas passed incoherently through his head.

Finally: he was standing with Helen Barrington on a cliff—oh! that cliff! What a shudder it sent through him even in his dream!—looking over the sea, which washed up to, and under, the base of the rock on which he stood. He feared too look down from the dizzy height on the thin green reach of water beneath which seemed in the great distance to be only a few inches deep, so clear and palpable the shining pebbles gleamed from under it. But he did look—mustered up his courage to look! And what a depth it was down there! How sheerly the black face of the rock descended, leaving nothing whatever to break the fall! What a length of time it would be before one falling could touch rock or water beneath! Would the life be in one, all the time? Would the terrific passage through the air frighten the spirit of life out of the falling form long before the descent was accomplished? He felt dizzy, and the soles of his feet, and the palms of his hands tingled. Helen's hand lay in his, and he was about—feeling so giddy and terrified—to withdraw a few paces back; when suddenly, he felt a hand on his shoulder, and—he was pushed over the beetling precipice! He felt his feet leave the solid earth; he found himself launched into pure space with nothing but the air beneath him—and destruction. A cry of unutterable agony—a screech begotten of overwhelming dread and despair—burst from his lips!

And he awoke!

Awoke to find the unreality of his dream; but also to find that every eye in the coach was fixed upon him. For in the paroxysms of his dream, he had struggled violently, and had thrown the covering from his face, exposing to public view the contortion of the one and the other. Abashed by the crowd of faces turned towards him, and alarmed by the dread that he might have said something that attracted such attention, he quickly muffled himself up again.

"Are you ill, sir?" a compassionate woman opposite asked.

He gruffly answered, "No," and shut himself up from further gaze.

But his rest was broken, and all the old mistrusts and perplexities that had slept whilst he slumbered seemed to have sprung again into renewed vigor with his awakening—like summer flies when the hot dawn comes—and harrassed him unceasingly.

What, if Helen should have changed her mind, and not have come? What, if in her halting and indecision she had again vacillated and remained at Inch? The very doubt was terror to him—it meant ruin. Any delay at all—any postponement whatever—meant ruin.

She had arranged to have started early in the morning. He glanced outwards at the sunlight. He must have slept a considerable time, for the sun was long over the horizon, and the people were all in the fields busily at work at the harvest. She must be on the way now, if—the blood rushed back in affright at the thought—she had not altered her mind.

The more he let his mind dwell upon all the contingencies connected with it the more the possibility of her having done so grew upon him. Grew, indeed, so great that he resolved to get out at the next posting station, and await the coming of her carriage—if come it would at all. Accordingly, when the mail stopped, which it did many miles beyond Inch, and the passengers descended to stretch their legs, and refresh themselves, Sir Trevor Mortimer got down also.

But he did not enter the posting establishment. He was far too restless and uneasy for that. With an intimation to the conductor that he had altered his mind, and would not proceed further for the present, he walked back over the mail coach road by which they had just travelled.

What a torturing walk it was! How often his eyes glanced eagerly along the road when it lay straight before him—which it rarely did—for sign of approaching carriage. But there was none.

Had Helen then heard of—heard any evil news concerning him? If she had not, why was she not on the road? If she had——

He felt so ill—so tired and jaded, that he was fain to rest on the grassy slope of a hedge by the way. So weak and ill, indeed, was he that for a time his eyes became obscured, and a mist seemed to grow before them. Also, his sense of hearing became deadened. He was in that position when, if he had been a weaker man, or the spirit within him was less potent, he would have swooned.

As it was he sat in a stupor.

Out of which he was roused by the noise of carriage wheels beside him, and a musical voice, not without a strain of wonderment in it, fell on his ears.

"Trevor!—Sir Trevor Mortimer!"

He looked up. The carriage had stopped, and two girls' faces appeared at the window. They were those of Helen Barrington and Kate Howard.

"You here, Sir Trevor!" said the latter in considerable surprise.

"Yes," said he brightly, as the unexpected presence of the carriage renewed at once his hopes and his courage, "the mail was so hot and—so crowded and uncomfortable—that I could not proceed further in it. And I resolved to wait for you. I felt very ill for a time."

He did not look ill now. On the contrary, he looked blithe and vigorous. He stepped into the carriage, which whirled them all three on the way to Dublin. And whatever powers of pleasing Sir Trevor Mortimer had, or whatever powers of conversation, he certainly did not spare them on the way.

What with stoppages, changes of horses, and the needful rest, it was the following morning when they reached the metropolis.

As had been arranged between them, Sir Trevor descended from the carriage when they entered the city, and proceeded to his quarters in the castle to prepare himself for the approaching ceremony. There being no one in Seamore to whom Helen could address herself on this momentous occasion, she determined to proceed to Leinster House to place herself under the protection of the Fitzgerald family who were closely related to hers. It was an unusual way of doing matters, she felt, but Sir Trevor's impatience and importunity were not to be denied.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

THE most obstinate cases of catarrh are cured by the use of Ely's Cream Balm, the only agreeable remedy. It is not a liquid or snuff, is easily applied into the nostrils. For cold in the head it is magical. It gives relief at once. Price 50 cents.

GAELIC POETRY.

Bhidi na g-cearad; Abhran Chuia-na-Mara.

Air na leasughadh ó 'n g-Cine Ath-cliath, ann a raibh sé clóbhualite go h-oic.

A Bhidi na g-cearad, tuig feasda nach súgradh ó
Má shaoil tu mé mhealladh; air mhalairt ná dúiltaigh mé.
Mar thug mo chridhe taithneamh do ghlór bog binn do bhéil,
Agus nach mór ata mo ghean ort seach mnáibh óg' an t-saoghail.

Is milse póg Bhidi 'ná uisge Loch Eirne air fad,
A's 'ná plúr-seath eruithneachd' 's é fuinte air úr-mhil beach,
Is gile a braghaid 'ná cala 'na luidhe air nead.
'Sí a méian mhaith do mharbhóchas mé, gidh gur shealg sí na milte fear.

Is truagh gan mé a Sagsanaibh go g-ceannochainn gáirdín úbhall,
No a luing air fairge seal, no 'san bh-Fraine ag stúbhail;
Ag filleadh a bhaile agus lige beag fhághail do'n chóir,
Ní chómhnochainn faoi bheslach go m-biais-finn de phóig mo stóir.

Acht tá sé cho maith dam mo shúile chur dhíot go bráth,
'S a liachtaighe oidhche fada do chaith me gan suaimhneas fhághail;
Má's iad d'athair na do mhathair d'athruigh dó chridhe ad lár,
Tá faitchios orm nach bh-faicfidh siad Righ na ngrás.

IRISH NEWS NOTES.

A woman named Connolly, living in a hovel on the Comeragh mountains, county Waterford, received an intimation from a Waterford solicitor that a sum of £3,700 had been left her under the following circumstances: Thirty years ago, a few days after the birth of a daughter, her husband disappeared from the Comeragh district, and was never heard again of by her. A communication from a Catholic clergyman residing at Brisbane, states that Connolly, the missing man, worked his way to Australia and went to the gold fields, and having amassed about £5,000 in three years, was returning from Australia to Ireland, when he was attacked by bushrangers and robbed of the whole amount. Penniless, he returned to the gold fields again, and set to work once more. About two months ago he reached Brisbane, broken down in health. He was then on his way to Ireland, but died in a few days, leaving the above amount to his wife, if alive, and if not to his daughter. During his thirty years of voluntary exile he never wrote a letter to his wife.

At the first meeting of the new board, Mr. Simon Eyers, independent Nationalist, was unanimously elected chairman of the Kildysart board of guardians. Mr. Michael O'Rehir and Mr. John Kelly were unanimously elected vice and deputy vice chairman respectively. The result of the election has given great satisfaction to Mr. Parnell's supporters.

Mr. John Francis Smithwick, anti-Parnellite, and Mr. Joseph Walsh, anti-Parnellite, were reelected as chairman and vice chairman respectively of the Kilkenny board of guardians, there being no opposition. On motion of Alderman Healy, Alderman Peter M'Dermott was elected D. V. C. in room of the late Mr. Martin Morrissey, T. C.

Mr. F. P. M'Kenna (anti-Parnellite), vice chairman of the Kells board of guardians, was defeated for that post by Mr. Bryan Smyth (Parnellite), by 15 to 4 votes. Mr. Patrick Farrell (Parnellite), succeeds Mr. Smyth as deputy vice chairman. The chairman, Mr. Patrick M'Dermott (Parnellite), was unanimously re-elected.

A meeting of the Tallow branch of the Irish National League was held in the committee rooms. Mr. P. F. Walsh, V. C., P. L. G., occupied the chair. Also present: J. M'Grath, R. O'Brien, Thos. M'Carthy, T. Clancy, P. Malone, M. O'Brien, C. O'Callaghan, T. Colbert, J. Carthy, John Walshe, J. J. Walshe and E. M. O'Leary, hon. secretaries. The following resolution was proposed by Mr. P. F. Walsh, seconded by Mr. R. O'Brien, and adopted: "That we, the members of the Tallow branch of the Irish National League, do hereby offer our deep thanks to the Rev. Robert Power, the patriotic P. P. of Grangemockler, for his independent action in declaring in favor of Ireland's chief, C. S. Parnell; and we ask the other priests in our diocese to speak out their minds, and thereby show to the world that Waterford adheres to the old principles."

Mr. D. J. Kelly, Parnellite, was elected chairman of the Athlone board of guardians.

Mr. Michael J. Magner, J. P., Fermoy, died recently.

Mr. M. McGrath, Parnellite, was elected chairman of the Carrick-on-Suir board of guardians on the 4th inst.

It is thought that an Arklow vessel named "The Glenboyne," has been lost during the recent storms on the English coast. There were in the vessel at the time, the captain, Mr. Kearon, five men and a boy, all of whom are supposed to have perished with the vessel.

On March 21, at Drumbilla, near Ballymill, a farmer named Hugh Murphy, was killed by a runaway horse which he was driving. The unfortunate man's body was crossed by the cart which was heavily laden, the result being that he died in about an hour afterwards.

We regret to announce the death, at a ripe old age, of Mr. David McCartan, Seatown, Dundalk, and formerly of Ravensdale.

At the last meeting of the Kilmacthomas board of guardians, three capable and zealous guardians were appointed, respectively, chairman, vice and deputy vice chairman for the coming year, namely—Messrs. James Power, James Walsh, and David Kiersey. All three are staunch Home Rulers.

Miss Kate Maxwell, daughter of the late Cornelius Maxwell, proprietor of the Kilkenny *Journal*, died at her residence, the Parade, Kilkenny, on Thursday, March 26.

A serious encounter between moonlighters and police occurred April 5, at ten o'clock, at Ballycorce crossing one mile from Ennis, resulting in one young man named Patrick Neylan being dreadfully wounded with two charges of buckshot by the police. At the hour named one of the moonlighters discharged a revolver shot into one O'Shaughnessy's house without however injuring any person. Ten police under District Inspector Dunning and Head Constable Colligan, Ennis, were lying ambushed around the cottage. When the shot was fired they rushed out and called on the men to stand. Neylan ran on and received two shots from the rifles of the pursuers; a second man named Leo surrendered when threatened with the same result. A third man named Patrick Cunningham was arrested on the road. The police brought the wounded man to the infirmary, where he lies guarded by police. In all seven men have been arrested regarding the matter.

Mr. Barton McGuckin's connection with the Carl Rosa Grand Opera company terminated on March 28, and, since then Mr. McGuckin has signed an agreement with Mr. D'Oyly Carte as leading tenor for twelve months at the Royal English Opera House, commencing in autumn.

The many friends of the Very. Rev. Dean Lee, the respected pastor of Bray, will be pleased to learn that his health is improved. His medical attendants, Dr. James Little and Dr. A. Roche, hope he will be soon convalescent.

Justice Andrew and a special jury at the Derry assizes, on Thursday, April 2 concluded the hearing of an action brought by Alexander Jamieson, shop assistant, and Martha Jamieson, his wife, against Dr. D. J. Browne, of Derry, to recover £1,000 damages for alleged assault on Mrs. Jamieson on the 7th of October last, by, as it was alleged, kissing her in the doctor's surgery, into which she had gone to pay a fee for previous medical attendance. A great deal of interest was taken in the case. The jury found a verdict for the defendant, which throws

Not often has a death been felt more keenly in Lismore than that of Mr. Michael O'Riordan, who died at his home in that town on Easter Sunday, March 29. The family is one of the most respectable in the district, and the loss of this latest member of it has been peculiarly afflicting, as combined with a rare geniality of disposition, Mr. O'Riordan united a chivalrous devotion to his widowed mother and younger brother and sisters. Already the home had been desolated by the loss of two lovely daughters and a promising son, following that of the father; that the sorrow of Easter Sunday had a poignancy which all who knew them and the sorrowing members of the family, share in feeling. Mr. O'Riordan was a nephew of the good and gifted and widely known Michael Cavanaugh, of Waterford, and brother of Roger O'Riordan, who was long engaged as artist and poet on the *Century*, *Outing*, and other magazines.

the costs of the suit on the Jamiesons.

On April 4, fire was discovered to have broken out in the large flax stores of Hale, Mason & Co.'s spinning mill, Derry. Great damage was done.

On April 3, John Manning, a milkman, of Mayfield, against whom Mr. Ryder J. Nash, of Glanmire, his employer, had made an information at the Cork police court, alleging defalcations in his cash returns for milk sold in the city, to the amount of £140, was arrested by Constable Robinson, of Queenstown, when about to take his departure for America. He was brought to Cork and held to answer.

Mrs. Kennedy, wife of Mr. William Kennedy, publican, Quay, Waterford, died rather unexpectedly at an early hour on the morning of April 4.

The scrutiny of voting papers in the south ward of the Cork union took place, with the result that Alderman Hooper, the strong anti Parnellite candidate, was at the bottom of the poll, Mr. Cronin, a Parnellite, beating him for the third seat by a majority of 90.

A largely attended meeting of the Parnell Leadership Committee was held at Carndonagh, Mr. Patrick Doherty in the chair. A resolution was passed unanimously expressing renewed confidence in Mr. Parnell as the only man capable of leading the Irish people to victory and resenting dictation from any quarter.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.*

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PAIN AND DREAD attend the use of most catarrh remedies. Liquids and snuffs are unpleasant as well as dangerous. Ely's Cream Balm is safe, pleasant, easily applied into the nostrils, and a sure cure. It cleanses the nasal passages and heals the inflamed membrane, giving relief at once. Price 50c.

BATTLING WITH THE SIOUX!

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 31.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCREDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skilful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS AROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds elcquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

[*London Saturday Review (Tory) July 12.*]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

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To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street, New York.

MASS WAS JUST OVER.

The Pope Shaken Up by the Explosion Near Rome.

LATEST DETAILS OF THE AFFAIR.

An Investigation Shows That the Explosion Originated from the Accidental Discharge of Some Shrapnel Capsules—Lively Free Fight at a Meeting in Paris Called by Camille Dreyfus—May Day at Rome—Other Foreign News.

ROME, April 24.—It now transpires that at the moment the shock of Thursday's explosion was felt at the Vatican, the pope had just concluded the celebration of a mass. The holy father was badly shaken up, and was only prevented from falling by the prompt action of an attendant who sprang to his support. Fortunately no serious consequences followed his startling experience, and the pope is reported as quite recovered from the momentary prostration which followed the incident. Investigation by military and engineering experts shows that the explosion of the magazine at Pozzo Pantaleo originated in the accidental discharge of some shrapnel capsules.

King Humbert's Solicitude.

A few of those who were taken to the hospitals in a wounded condition have since died of their injuries. King Humbert has been unremitting in the manifestation of his solicitude for the families of those who were killed and for the welfare of the wounded. At an early hour Friday morning his majesty ordered out his carriage, and proceeded to make the rounds of the hospitals. He personally inspected the arrangements made by the medical staffs to provide for the care and comfort of the people so unexpectedly placed in their charge. At the bedsides of the more severely injured, the king paused to speak a few words of encouragement, while he bestowed a smile and cheery greeting upon all.

A LIVELY FREE FIGHT.

A Meeting Called by a French Editor Ends in a Row.

PARIS, April 24.—Camille Dreyfus, a member of the chamber of deputies and a well-known journalist, and editor of La Nation, and the gentleman who was some time ago almost killed by the Marquis de Mores in a duel, presided Thursday at a meeting which he had organized. Two thousand of his constituents from the Twelfth arrondisament of the department of the Seine were present. The object of M. Dreyfus in calling the meeting was to refute the charges of blackmail brought against him by Edmund Blanc, of Monte Carlo. An uproarous discussion, intermixed with incessant quarrels, characterized the first portion of the meeting.

Dreyfus Has to Flee.

Eventually M. Dreyfus lost his temper, and, jumping from the platform, began to pummel one of the electors who had been most prominent in interrupting him. A free fight in which nearly everybody present joined followed the onslaught. The speaker's platform was stormed by M. Dreyfus' constituents, and matters were made so lively for that gentleman that he was compelled, in order to escape very rough handling, to make his way from the hall by a window, followed by the hooting and jeering and insulting remarks of the citizens of the Twelfth arrondisament.

Want an Eight-Hour Day.

PARIS, April 24.—A manifesto calling for the passage of an act making eight hours a legal working day throughout France has been issued by the May Day committee of workingmen of this city. Seventy-five thousand copies have been distributed. The Socialists have been active fomenters of discord at the various preliminary meetings which have been held by those who propose participating in the celebration of May 1. There is undoubtedly much bad feeling among the different organizations of workingmen, and the prospect for harmonious action is not of the most promising character. The municipal authorities will avoid assuming responsibity for the May Day proceedings.

Horrible Deed of an Insane Mother.

LONDON, April 24.—A Berlin dispatch tells of a horrible tragedy at Pressburg. The wife of Herr Lautzcar, a member of the council of Pressburg, became wildly insane, and having cut the throat of her daughter she burned the body on the hearth of their dwelling and then proceeded to set fire to herself, with a view of destroying herself with her daughter. The neighbors were attracted to the scene by the shrieks of pain which the woman could not suppress, and they promptly extinguished the flames and handed her over to the police.

Will Permit May Day Meetings.

ROME, April 24.—The Italian government has concluded to permit orderly meetings to be held on May Day at Rome and elsewhere throughout the country. Instructions have, however, been issued rigorously prohibiting workmen from forming processions. If seditious speeches are delivered at any meeting the crowds gathered to listen will be dispersed by the police.

Retaliation on Uncle Sam.

VIENNA, April 24.—The Fremdenblatt and the Neue Frie Presse, commenting on a speech by President Harrison, agree that a European zollverein is the only answer to American protection. The Fremdenblatt suggests that Europe exclude from African and Asiatic colonies goods hitherto bought in America.

Both Duelists Wounded.

PARIS, April 24.—A duel has been fought between Gen. Negrier, commanding the Seventh army corps, and H. Gaston Le Grand. Gen. Negrier was wounded in the chest, while his adversary was wounded in the jaw. The duel arose out of a dispute which occurred at the Theatre Francaise.

Mighty Kind of the Czar.

LONDON, April 24.—A St. Petersburg dispatch says that the czar in order to facilitate the exodus of Jews from Poland to America has exempted for three years the inhabitants of Poland from the payment of the 100 roubles tax on each passport obtained without express imperial permission.

Minister Swift's Remains.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 25.—The remains of John F. Swift, the late minister to Japan, are expected to arrive here on the steamer Belgic May 7, that vessel having left Yokohama.

GERMANY IN MOURNING.

Von Moltke, the Famous Soldier, Gone to His Long Home.

BERLIN, April 27.—Field Marshal Count von Moltke is dead. He attended the session of the reichstag held Friday afternoon. His death was very sudden, and the physicians who were summoned announced that it was caused by failure of

VON MOLTKE.

the heart. He died at 9:45 p. m., passing away quietly and painlessly. The news of the count's unexpected death has caused great sorrow in this city.

Funeral Arrangements.

The death of Moltke occurred in the study of the official residence of the general staff of the German army on the Konigsplatz. During the entire day, and up to the arrival of the moment that brought with it death, the field marshal appeared to be in the full enjoyment of his usual, and for a man as old as the century, phenominal health. The funeral will take place Thursday. There will be a magnificent military and civic procession to the railway station whence a special train will convey the body to Creisau, whence in accord with the wish of the deceased, it will be quietly interred by the side of his wife and child. In his telegram of condolence the emperor says that in Moltke Germany has lost more than an entire army. Lessing has taken a cast of the face of the deceased.

DIED AND MADE NO SIGN.

Philip L. Moen Carries His Great Secret to the Grave.

BOSTON, April 24.—Philip L. Moen, the extensive wire manufacturer at Worcester, died Thursday night after several days' illness. He received a stroke of paralysis a week ago and his strength has been gradually failing since. Mr. Moen was born in New York state in 1824 and learned the hardware business in New York city. He went to Worcester in 1847, and the firm of I. Washburne & Moen was formed for wire drawing and rod rolling. In 1868 the business had so extended that it was turned into the Washburn & Moen Manufacturing corporation. It had extensive patents for the making of barbed wire and at its Worcester works it employed 3,000 men. He never made public the secret of his life, of which "Doc" Wilson was the possessor, and of which a famous lawsuit resulted.

PHILIP L. MOEN.

Will Vindicate Gen. Butler.

BOSTON, April 25.—The dinner of the Butler club will take place at Young's hotel May 1, the twenty-ninth anniversary of the capture of New Orleans. A reception to Gen. Butler will precede the banquet. In the light of the controversy between Judge Carpenter and Gen. Butler the dinner has a special significance, and it is believed that the friends of Gen. Butler will manifest their sympathy by an attendance that will tax the capacity of Young's as it never was taxed before. Senator Peffer, of Kansas, will speak upon "The Farmers' Alliance; Its Objects and Aims," and Gen. Butler will give his answer to the question, "Does a Protective Tariff Protect the Farmer?"

Fainted After Braining a Robber.

CLARKSBURG, W. Va., April 25.—A thief named Thomas attempted to rob the residence of a man named Branner, near Raleigh Court House, a few nights ago during the absence of all the family except Branner's daughter, aged 17. As he broke through the window the girl brained him with an ax, after which she fainted, and is now very ill from fright.

Another Conservative Victory.

LONDON, April 25.—The Conservatives have carried Whitehaven, Sir James Bain, the Conservative candidate, being elected yesterday by a vote of 1,338 to 1,105 for Henry Gordon Shee, Liberal. At the last election the Rt. Hon. George Cavendish-Bentinck received 1,216 votes to 1,100 for Shee, Liberal.

Situation in the Coke Region.

SCOTTDALE, Pa., April 25.—There was no riot in the coke region yesterday. About twenty families were evicted without trouble, a company of militia being stationed close by the scene of the evictions. The labor leaders are housing the evicted families in tents as fast as possible.

A "Fake" About Secretary Blaine.

NEW YORK, April 25.—At 2:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon an inquiry came from Chicago to Inspector Byrnes asking if Secretary Blaine had been shot in New York. A message sent from here to Washington City elicited the fact that the statesman is all right.

Railway Employes Get a Raise.

SPRINGFIELD, O., April 27.—The Sandusky division of the Big Four employes, who were on the eve of striking a few weeks ago because of comparatively low wages, have just received notification of an increase of about 25 per cent.

A Lunatic with a Gun.

CINCINNATI, April 25.—Near New Jefferson Thursday Lorenzo Coleman, a lunatic, fatally shot his sister, dangerously shot the hired man who tried to protect her, and slightly wounded his mother with a shotgun.

Valuable Trotters Burned.

PHILADELPHIA, April 27.—By a fire at the Belmont race track nine valuable trotters and pacers were either smothered or burned to death.

"PERSONAL LIBERTY."

Anna Dickinson's Lecture in a New York Theatre.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY ATTACKED.

Indecent Personal Characterizations Which Cause Ladies to Leave the Theatre—Asking the Audience if They Think Her Insane—"Merciful Heavens" Wanamaker—An Alleged Visit to President Harrison at Indianapolis.

NEW YORK, April 27.—A performance of "Cleopatra" held the boards of the Broadway theatre until a late hour Sunday night. After it was finished the big stage was set for a parlor scene and with such surroundings Anna Dickinson appeared on the same stage to deliver a lecture upon "Personal Liberty." It was Miss Dickinson's first public appearance since her confinement in an insane asylum and her deliverance therefrom. When she walked forth upon the stage there was not a large audience awaiting her, but those present welcomed the gifted woman with cheering applause. Miss Dickinson was attired in white with black trimmings. The corsage was cut low and red roses were fastened there. She opened her address upon "Personal Liberty" with a violent attack upon the Republican party and with bitter words against various persons prominent in public life. The personal characterizations were in many instances repugnant to decency, and ladies who occupied orchestra chairs arose and with their escorts left the theatre.

"Merciful Heavens" Wanamaker.

Miss Dickinson paid little or no attention to these defections. She frequently punctuated her utterances by appealing to her hearers with this question: "Well, folks, do you think I am insane?" She spoke of the postmaster general as "Merciful Heavens" Wanamaker. This queer remark was received with hisses. She dwelt at great length upon what she termed the private character of Mr. Wanamaker and J. S. Clarkson. Her imprisonment at the Danville Insane asylum was her chief theme. She declared it was due to a conspiracy of J. S. Clarkson, Col. W. W. Dudley, and Senator Quay. They wanted her, she said, to stump the country for them in the campaign of 1888, and she was given a blank check to fill in whatever compensation she wished. The provision, however, she declared, was that she should not speak at all about the black man. "I was poor," she continued, "but as Heaven is my witness, I did not want their money because they wanted my voice to be silent on the slave question."

Ben Butler's Reprehensible Conduct.

Then Miss Dickinson, accompanied by her lessened audience with countenances indicating pity and regret, rambled on about a visit to Mr. Harrison at Indianapolis. She avowed that she was promised $3,750 for every speech she made in 1888 and $5,000 each if her candidate was successful. After bitterly referring to various party leaders she turned her attention toward Gen. Butler, and these are some of her words:

"The papers have said that there has been a conspiracy between us. Yes, Mr. Butler has written me letters and they were addressed to Lizzie. He is the only man who has ever addressed me by my middle name. He knew what he was doing, but he will answer for it all in a court of law. I have had unnumbered sorrows, and I do not place a mask or veil over any of them."

Speaking of her theatrical experiences, she declared in vehement terms that the press of the country had maligned her. She never lost money by the venture. Her income from long ago, she said, had been $40,000 annually. She had lost $190,000 in speculation—bonds speculation.

Opposed to the Republican Party.

Passing from her stage experience she stated what she declared were the reasons of her being confined in the asylum. She made the statement that she had been opposed to the Republican party, and she said she charged that party with placing her in the Danville asylum. She gleefully declared in the next breath that the defeat of Mr. Cleveland in 1888 was due to the fact that she had been in the ranks against him. Then the speaker rambled toward British politics. She spoke of dining with Parnell and thinking him "a little tin god on wheels." The Democratic party of the country, she said, was trying to dethrone him. Then she lauded the Democratic party and resorted again to such personalities that her utterances were hissed, and more of her audience left.

Drove Her Hearers Out of the House.

Before the so-called lecture was half over a large number of the women present left the hall, owing to the unseemly language used by the speaker. She began by making the announcement that her speeech would be in the nature of a talk to friends. She speedily started a tirade upon The New York Tribune, and made an attack upon its editor, Whitelaw Reid. The charges made against the latter were so gross that many left the house upon hearing them. As the few who remained to the close of the harangue were leaving the theatre expressions were heard on every hand of pity for Dickinson and also assertions that her once brilliant mind has unquestionably given way.

The War in Chili.

BUENOS AYRES, April 27.—Late advices from Caldera bay, the scene of the recent engagement between the naval forces of the government and those of the insurgents, state that in addition to the loss of the insurgent ironclad Blanco Encalada, the monitor Huascar, which was also in the rebel service, was sunk by the explosion of torpedoes. After the engagement had been concluded, the government fleet returned unharmed to Valparaiso. The warship Florence has joined the insurgents. The statement is made that so fearful has President Balmaceda become of attempts being made to poison him that his mother has assumed the exclusive charge of the preparation of his meals.

End of a Long Strike.

LONDON, April 27.—The long strike at Bradford has ended, the weavers returning to work practically on the master's terms. On Wednesday of last week the spinners held a meeting and, to the number of 2,000, offered to resume work. The employers, however, declined to take them back until the striking weavers also surrendered.

In Favor of the Lottery.

NEW ORLEANS, April 27.—The supreme court has decided the lottery mandamus case in favor of the lottery company.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Anson L. Storey, only brother of the late Wilbur F. Storey, died of la grippe at South Bend, Ind., aged 56 years.

Mrs. T. C. Clark, who was shot by a burglar at Edwardsville, Ills., died of her wound.

There were eighteen cases of yellow fever on board the British bark Curlew while making a voyage from Rio Janiero to Pensacola. The vessel was not permitted to land at the latter place.

Two nickel steel plates, the first of American make, have been received at the Washington navy yard, and will be sent to the proving ground for testing.

The Canadian trades congress has petitioned the Dominion government to prohibit the importation of Chinese labor.

At Lexington, Ky., Wash Ramsey was shot and killed while standing at his gate by Lee Jenkins, a fellow-workman. Ramsey leaves a widow and two children.

A body of troops encountered a number of bandits on the San Augustin estate in Cuba, and in the fight which ensued two of the outlaws were killed.

Martin Stevens, of Louisville, was robbed by two negroes at Lexington and his throat cut. There is little hope of his recovery.

The general subscription lists for the Gorman testimonial has been closed at Baltimore. The cost of the elaborate silver service will be $5,000. The movement has not been a popular one.

The receipts from internal revenue for the month of March amounted to $11,557,759, as follows: Spirits, $6 945,672; tobacco, $2,482,775; fermented liquors, $1,927,168; oleomargarine, $154,602; miscellaneous, $47,542.

Henry M. Stanley, when he sailed from New York, took with him the comfortable sum of $110,000 as his share of the $305,800 taken in for the 100 lectures delivered by him under the management of Maj. Pond between November and April.

A mass-meeting in Bloomington, Ills., passed resolutions opposing the opening of the World's fair on Sunday.

The steamer Olympia from Palermo arrived at the quarantine station at New Orleans with 450 Sicilians, who were cast adrift in that city.

George Buchanan, a farmer at Mulberry Grove township, Illinois, was found dead in a pasture. He committed suicide by drinking concentrated lye.

President Dwight, of Yale university, reports the money gifts to the institution for 1890 to have been $1,151,272. By the Fayerweather will Yale will receive $500,000, included in the above.

Eighteen immigrants, mostly Italians, who arrived in New York on the steamer Obdam were ordered to be returned by Col. Weber on the ground that they were likely to become public charges.

The county jail at Somerville, N. J., was entered by burglars the other night and a pocketbook stolen.

Two society women of Albuquerque, N. M., are said to have become insane from the use of cosmetics on their faces.

A Lancaster, Pa., man recently received $50 through the mail, with a letter stating that it was stolen from him forty years ago.

Springfield, Ills., coal dealers have received a circular from Pennsylvania and Ohio mine operators advising them to store their coal because of a probable miners' strike.

Aaron Hogan, colored, and three members of his family, living in the Yarmouth settlement near Calbert station, Chickasaw nation, were all more or less severely wounded in an attack on Hogan's cabin by five lawless whites. The injured were taken to Denison, Tex., for treatment.

Samuel Wiggins caused the arrest at Elmer, Mo., of John Sutherland. The latter threatened to kill Wiggins on sight. The two men met when Satterfield started to draw his revolver. Wiggins shot first, killing Satterfield. Wiggins was exonerated by a coroner's jury, but was later arrested by friends of the dead man.

The Wisconsin State Base Ball League, consisting of Green Bay, Marinette, Oconto, Appleton, Oshkosh, and Fond du Lac, has been organized.

At Spring Valley, Minn., John Wright bet $1 that he could run across the railway bridge in advance of an approaching train, but the train overtook him, and he lost the bet and his life at the same time.

The universal peace congress, which was to have been held in Rome this summer, has been postponed until the latter part of November.

Mr. W. J. Edbrooke, of Chicago, the newly appointed supervising architect of the treasury department has entered upon the duties of his office.

A dividend of 2 per cent., payable on May 15, was declared by the Pullman Palace Car company at Boston.

Monday at 1 o'clock the Welland canal was opened for traffic. Two vessels passed the straits of Mackinaw.

Continued rains in Texas are causing great loss in the low-lying districts, and fears of an overflow of the Brazos river are felt.

A body found in a bayou near Sherry, Wis., was identified as that of Mrs. Ernst Kotterman, who disappeared June 17 last. Murder or suicide is suspected.

Reports from South Dakota and Minnesota indicate that the recent rain storm was very general and heavy, and much good will result to the crops. North Dakota has also had good rains, and the outlook all over the northwest for the coming crop year is unusually bright.

Judge Theodosius Bodkin, of the Thirty-second judicial district of Kansas, is on trial at Topeka charged with drunkenness on and off the bench.

Governor Routt has signed the bill appropriating $100,000 for Colorado's exhibit at the World's fair.

Heavy rains have fallen throughout Nebraska and small grain is up and doing finely.

Several villages on the lower St. Lawrence river have been flooded by high water and great loss and inconvenience caused.

Sam Montgomery, a noted desperado, was sentenced at Keokuk, Iowa, to five years in the penitentiary.

By the explosion of a gas generator in a soda water factory in Peru, Ills., one man was fatally and another seriously injured. The property was damaged to the extent of $1,500.

The visible supply of wheat and corn is, respectively, 22,186,106 and 2,238,837 bushels.

It is denied that there is an outbreak of scarlet fever at Yale college.

Charles T. Dorion, who was sentenced to the Illinois penitentiary for forgery in December, 1888, has been pardoned by Governor Fifer.

A Pueblo Indian girl, who has been a Carlisle student, has written a little book called "Stiga, a Carlisle Indian Girl at Home."

Mrs. Nellie Grant-Sartoris, accompanied by the Misses Vivian and Rosemary, and Master Lionel Sartoris, has landed in New York.

Shoe manufacturers, Elliott & Co., of Haverhill, Mass., doing a yearly $500,000 business, have shut down because of labor agitation and dull trade.

It has been discovered that a Norwegian farmer living near Ashland, Wis., is afflicted with leprosy.

R. T. Almy & Co., clothiers, at Boston, have assigned; debts, $110,000.

Thirteen Italian murderers and paupers were barred at New York.

Teemer has posted money in Boston on a challenge to row Gaudaur three races at varying distances.

At Burlington, Iowa, two deaths occurred from drinking water from a well poisoned by adjacent sewers.

The railway mail clerk who this year makes the best case record will receive a gold medal from General Superintendent White.

Baron Hirsh has bought a large tract of land near Ridgeway, Pa., on which he will colonize Russian Jews to cultivate sugar beets.

Malverin Hill, twelve miles below Richmond, Va., the scene of a famous battle of the late war, has been sold to William H. Hale, of New York.

Elections were held Tuesday for municipal officers in the various cities of Illinois. The license question was the issue in many places, and twenty-four voted for it and twenty against.

Wholesale grocers in convention in St. Louis agreed to co-operate to fight the metropolitan jobber.

Swindlers fleeced the president of the Nephi, Utah, National bank out of $6,000 by the gold brick scheme.

An explosion of gas in the Edgar Thomson Steel work, at Braddock, Pa., dangerously burned four men and two boys.

Alexander Denton, a saloon-keeper at Napoleon, Mo., killed Jack Garrett with a shotgun while the latter was creating a disturbance in the saloon.

B. & A. Homarjes, Parsee bankers and merchants of Bombay, have failed with liabilities of nearly $4,500,000.

Phillip Saur shot his father in the thigh at Hurley, Wis., mistaking him for a robber. The injured man will recover.

The big winner in the late flurry in wheat, in San Francisco, was George McNear, the grain king of California. His profits are estimated at about $500,000.

A convention called by the state board of agriculture met at Topeka, Kan., to devise means to raise $100,000 for the Kansas exhibit at the World's fair.

Mrs. Hannah Ovelman, of Marion, Pa., was found to be dead in her seat on a Missouri Pacific train, on its arrival at Kansas City.

The ballot reform bill was sent to third reading in the Illinois house Thursday, the proposition that all the ballots be preserved for a certain period being rejected. Contested and defective ballots only are to be preserved for six months.

The New York Farmers' Alliance, which closed its meetings at Hornellsville, declared against the third party movement, and rejected all overtures from the Knights of Labor and the Greenbackers.

Because he refused to stop driving a horse at a furious rate of speed in Erie, Pa., Harry Anderson was shot and dangerously wounded by Dr. Ball, an officer of the society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Baron Bleichroder and Count Henckel have each offered a house to Prince Bismarck in Berlin, but he has as yet accepted neither.

Walter Miner, aged 15, at Eldora, Iowa, was perhaps fatally wounded by Ed Doran, another boy, who fired a revolver at him not thinking it was loaded.

Mr. Huston, the treasurer of the United States, severed his connection with that office and left Washington.

Enough is known of the census returns for 1890 from the manufacturing industries of the United States to establish the fact that Philadelphia leads all the cities of the country in the value of the annual product.

Herds of cattle in southern Arkansas are greatly troubled by buffalo gnats many head having died.

Maj. Rowland Jones, formerly American consul at Cardiff, intends to contest the Carmarthen (Wales) borough for the Liberals at the next election. In order to qualify himself for the candidacy he has applied for naturalization as a British citizen.

A severe earthquake has done much damage in Styria, considerable destruction being done to property at Grats and Landsberg.

Caswell B. Upchurch, aged 71 years, and Mrs. Sarah M. Vance, aged 63, were united in marriage at Gresham, Ill.

At Fall River, Mass., Mr. Hanson is endeavoring to organize a foot ball team to compete with teams in Great Britain and Ireland.

It is estimated that 10,475 men of various trades will either strike or be locked out in Pittsburg, Pa., May 1.

William W. Wilson, formerly master mechanic of the Chicago and Alton railroad at Bloomington, Ills., is dying.

At Lomax, Neb., two farmers engaged in a quarrel which resulted in a murder. Ben Young struck J. H. Russell with a spade, fracturing his skull, and he died from the effects of the blow.

The center of population of the United States has been located at a point twelve miles east of Columbus, Ind.

L. Piggott, who stole 15,000 sheep and thirty horses in Texas and sold them for $39,000, has been captured in Halifax.

Ida Bickley and Maggie Beecroft escaped from a vile resort at Otsego Lake, Mich., where they had been enticed. The keepers of the place were arrested.

A burglar attempted to enter a residence at Raleigh court house, W. Va., and was brained with an ax by a 17-year old girl, the only member of the family at home.

Charley Emmido James Scully fought at Minneapolis for a $1,000 purse and the 140-pound championship of America. Scully was knocked out in the third round.

Oh So, 2 years old, by Nutwood out of So So, 2:17¼, was sold by H. L. and F. D. Stout, of Dubuque, Iowa, to Angus Cameron, of LaCrosse, Wis., for $12,000.

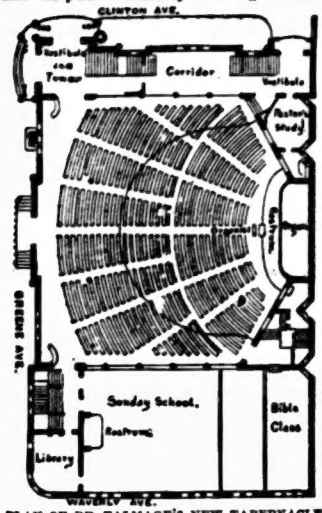
Reeves Lewis, secretary of the New Orleans City railroad, committed suicide because his work was too hard for him.

After adopting a plan for raising $100,000 to defray the expenses of the Kansas exhibit at the World's fair in 1893, the World's fair convention at Topeka adjourned.

TALMAGE'S NEW TABERNACLE.

Seven Thousand People Attend the Opening of the Edifice.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., April 27.—The new tabernacle of the Rev. T. Dewitt Talmage, at the corner of Clinton and Green avenues, was opened to his congregation and the public Sunday morning. About



PLAN OF DR. TALMAGE'S NEW TABERNACLE.

7,000 people crowded into it. There were three imposing services in the new edifice during the day, and on each occasion the church was packed with people. The crowd that sought admittance to the tabernacle at the morning service was so great that the efforts of the police were necessary to keep the eager ones from crushing each other. Rev. Hastings, president of the Union Theological seminary; Rev. Wendell Prime, Rev. Dr. Hamill of Wasnington, and Dr. Talmage conducted the services. The church is 200 feet by 118, Romanesque in architecture, and has a seating capacity of 4,500. The total cost of the edifice thus far is $410,000, and $40,000 more will probably be required to put on the finishing touches.

THE COLONEL AND THE COUNT.

An Encounter in Which the Latter was Pretty Badly "Done Up."

BALTIMORE, Md., April 27.—Count Leonetti Cipriani, a well known sporting man of this city, was badly handled here recently by Col. Talliaferro, in the Washington house. Both men had been drinking together and Talliaferro, who is a Virginia planter, asked the count if he did not think Secretary Blaine a great statesman. The count said that he had a poor opinion of Secretary Blaine, who he said was not the statesman that his predecessor, Bayard, was. The colonel twitted the count about his depreciatory remarks, and said that Bayard had to go down on his knees to Count Crispi to let Cipriani out of prison when he was in Palermo to claim his father's estate and title in 1888, and Cipriani was only released when Congressman McComas called the attention of the house of representatives to his imprisonment.

Should Demand It from Talliaferro.

One word brought on another until Col. Talliaferro became very much provoked and called Cipriani an organ grinder. The latter had his cane between his legs and the colonel pulled it out and said: "There's your tale, you monkey." Count Cipriani drew a stiletto and rushed on Talliaferro, who knocked it out of his hand with the cane, and, after blackening both eyes, threw him out of the hotel. Count Cipriani said that he would demand satisfaction from Marquis Imperiali. The count was taken to the police station in the patrol wagon.

They All Died On Friday.

BERLIN, April 27.—The fact is generally remarked that Emperor William, Emperor Frederick and Count Von Moltke all died on a Friday. The shop windows are full of busts and photographs of the deceased soldier, all of which represent him as attired in the familiar and favorite undress uniform. The coffin is seven feet long, and rests upon six gilt lions claws artistically carved. The symbolic laurel leaf and extinguished torch lie upon the lid. The coffin contains an inner shell of zinc, and is lined with white satin. On each side are five gilt handles. Major William Von Moltke, the son of the count's brother, and heir to the estate, is married, but childless.

A Mysterious Disappearance.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., April 27.—The mysterious disappearance of Miss Lena Owen, a beautiful 16 year-old orphan girl, from the home of her aunt at Des Arc, Ark., has caused a sensation. Her relatives believe she has been abducted by parties who have been scheming to defraud her of a handsome fortune left by her father, consisting principally of rich farming lands lying in eastern Tennessee and northern Louisiana.

Bought a Prospective Title.

LONDON, April 27.—Miss Anderson, daughter of the New York lady who married Mr. McEwan, M. P., of Edinburgh, was married Saturday in St. Mark's church, Audley street, to the eldest son of Lord Greville. It is said that Miss Anderson's mother paid the debts of her prospective son-in-law and settled £10,000 on him, as a preliminary to the marriage contract.

Death of a Russian Grand Duke.

ST. PETERSBURG, April 27.—The Grand Duke Nicholas, the uncle of the czar, is dead.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is a peculiar medicine. It is carefully prepared from Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, Mandrake, Dock, Pipsissewa, Juniper Berries, and other well-known and valuable vegetable remedies, by a peculiar combination, proportion and process, giving to Hood's Sarsaparilla curative power not possessed by other medicines. It effects remarkable cures where other preparations fail.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best blood purifier before the public. It eradicates every impurity, and cures Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Boils, Pimples, all Humors, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Indigestion, General Debility, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Complaints, overcomes that tired feeling, creates an appetite, and builds up the system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Has met peculiar and unparalleled success at home. Such has become its popularity in Lowell, Mass., where it is made, that whole neighborhoods are taking it at the same time. Lowell druggists sell more of Hood's Sarsaparilla than of all other sarsaparillas or blood purifiers. Sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, MAY 2, 1891

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, "The Ironmaster."

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—Gilmore Opera Co., "The Sea King."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—Wm. H. Crane, "The Senator."

COLUMBIA THEATER.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Fanny Davenport, "Cleopatra."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"A Trip to Chinatown."

THE AUDITORIUM.
Corner Wabash avenue and Congress street.—Duff's English Opera Company.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"Jed Prouty" with Richard Golden.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Corner of State street and Archer avenue.—Kate Purssell.

WINDSOR THEATRE.
North Clark and Division streets. — Alden Benedict's Fabio Romanio.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"The Fast Mail."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
South Halsted street near Madison.—"One of the Bravest."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"THURLES," City.—Archbishop Croke is, we believe, a native of County Cork.

"DARIUS," Detroit.—Your method is still crude, but you show some promise. Try again.

"ALPHA," City.—Journalism is not as profitable as business proper, except in a few cases. The Chicago *Tribune* is acknowledged to be the richest paper west of New York.

"ZOUAVE," St. Louis.—Gen. Philip Kearney, killed at Chantilly in 1862, was not born in Ireland, but he was descended from Irish stock.

We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

DEATH OF MARSHAL VON MOLTKE.

Germany has lost her ablest soldier, excepting Frederick the Great, in the death of Field Marshal Count Von Moltke. It has been the habit, owing to the phenomenal success of the Prussian armies under his command, to compare Von Moltke with Cæsar and Napoleon; but there was a great difference in their military genius. The great Roman and the great Corsican were never more brilliant than when directing the operation of troops numerically inferior to the enemy. Napoleon, especially, built the enduring fabric of his fame when commanding the weak, and unprovided, army of Italy against the Austrians in 1796, and when defending the soil of France against all the armies of Europe in 1814. Count Von Moltke—marvelous as were his abilities—never was placed in a position of numerical or material inferiority to his foes. He generally outnumbered them, and he had at his disposal an artillery which was perfect in its appointments and unequalled in its range and the science with which it was directed against masses of men. Nobody can ever tell what Von Moltke's bearing would have been in the midst of disaster, because he never experienced defeat. His immortal countryman, Frederick, showed all the world that he was as truly great in defeat as in victory, and, in this respect, he was certainly the superior of Napoleon, who lost all heart after the defeat of Waterloo, although he had ample resources, and plenty of soldiers, to retrieve his fortunes. He was advised to resist by Davoust, Drouot and his brother, Lucien Bonaparte, but, as the latter remarked, "the smoke of the battle of Mont St. Jean (Waterloo) seemed to have turned his head."

Count Von Moltke will be remembered in history as the conqueror of Austria and of France, after campaigns of extraordinary celerity, especially in the case of the former country. The French, although they seemed to be the aggressors in 1870, were really caught in a diplomatic trap, and Germany was ready, while they were not. The refusal of South Germany to remain neutral or to act in a manner hostile to Prussia, demoralized the calculations of Napoleon III, and his army, hurried to the eastern frontier after the declaration of war, found itself outnumbered, and outflanked, on every side. After the first reverses at Forbach and Woerth, the French lost confidence in their military chiefs, and, although they fought bravely at Mars la Tour, Gravelotte, and even Sedan, they were not the same men who stormed the Malakoff in 1855, and who pierced the Austrian centre at Solferino four years later. Von Moltke, possessed of illimitable resources, and with all militant Germany at his back, fairly pulverized them with the needle gun and the rifled cannon. The capture of 90,000 French soldiers, with their emperor, marshals and generals, at Sedan, and of twice that number subsequently at Metz, under Bazaine, has no parallel in history, and fully illustrates the state of utter despair into which the gallant, but mercurial, Gauls had fallen in that darkest hour of their checkered annals. By these captures Von Moltke wiped out the score of Jena, Auerstadt and Magdeburg for Prussia, and recovered for his country the splendid military rank which she held in the days of Frederick, and of which Napoleon had despoiled her.

Germany mourns her illustrious captain with widespread manifestations of affection and respect. Moltke never interfered in politics, and, therefore, he always retained the confidence of the nation. Less brilliant than Prince Bismarck in many respects, his strong commonsense kept him apart from those factious conflicts which generally involve men of genius in political ruin. It is said that the great marshal's last days were much troubled because of his old friend Bismarck's quarrel with the young emperor, who seems to be just enough of a despot not to wish to be overshadowed by even the greatest of his subjects.

MAYOR WASHBURNE'S REGIME.

Mr. Hempstead Washburne assumed his seat, as mayor of Chicago, last Monday evening, by the narrow plurality of 369 votes. Mr. Washburne was fought, during his campaign, by the Knownothing organizations and their allies. The German vote went "clean back" upon him in the interests of Carter Harrison, and, had not Mr. Washburne been placed in the position of a man who was politically persecuted because he had married a wife of Catholic faith, DeWitt C. Cregier would have succeeded himself in the mayoral chair. Bigots, sophists and tricksters may claim the election of Mr. Washburne on different grounds, but the fact remains that the vote of the Irish Catholics, the open enemies of Knownothingism, placed him in the proud position of chief magistrate of the second city in the Union. He is, at present, surrounded by influences that will not permit him to see clearly this important fact. He is still a young man, and, doubtless, his political ambition will not be restricted to the mayoralty of Chicago. Everything rests with himself. He has it in his power to rise to the very highest position in the gift of the people, or to terminate his career with his present office. The bigots could not do more against him than they did. He has nothing to hope from them. They will never forgive him for having defeated them by the aid of the Irish-American vote, which, otherwise, as we have said, would have gone almost solidly for DeWitt C. Cregier.

Mayor Washburne's officers, so far as announced, are as follows: Comptroller, Horatio N. May; Corporation Counsel, John S. Miller; City Prosecutor, Stephen A. Douglas; Fire Marshal, Dennis J. Swenie; Chief of Police (probably), R. W. McClaughery; Collector, (held over); Inspector of Oils, William T. Ball; City Sealer, Dr. I. N. Jamieson; Gas Inspector, Homer N. Galpin; Commissioner of Health, Dr. J. D. Ware; Commissioner of Buildings, Louis O'Neill; Superintendent of Streets, James H. Burke.

THE STORM GATHERING IN EUROPE.

There is a certain restlessness on the part of France which indicates the approach of a crisis of some sort. Many recent writers, some French sympathizers and some the reverse, have dwelt at length on the extravagance of the present military system and point to the self-evident fact that France would not stand such a drain on her resources if she did not intend to make an effort to win back her lost provinces within a short period. Then, again, there is a well defined belief that Russia and France have an understanding, and it is well known that the hatred of the Muscovite for the Teuton exceeds even that of the Gaul. The grand group of soldiers and statesmen who wove the meshes around Austria and France, in 1866 and 1870, are either dead or retired, and the young kaiser and his staff are entirely untried in the great game of war. The French, on the other hand, claim that their chief-of-staff, General Mirabel, is now to the army of France what the late Count Von Moltke was to that of Germany, but how they arrive at such a conclusion has not been explained.

Experts in military statistics say that, in the numerical sense, the combined armies of Germany, Austria and Italy are superior to those of Russia and France. In the event of war, there is no doubt that the three powers first named would make common cause against the other two. The government of England sympathizes with Germany, but it is not probable that England would enter the lists unless Russia should interfere with her Indian possessions. That a war is quickly coming seems certain. From every quarter comes news of mighty military movements on the exposed frontiers of the expected belligerents. The newest phase of the game appears to be a well defined belief that Germany will not respect the neutrality of Belgium. The French have so strengthened their Eastern frontier that the best military minds of Germany concur in saying that they are practically invulnerable on that side, and that the tendon of Achilles can only be reached by sacrificing the self respect of Flanders. The following comments of French and Swiss newspapers on the remarkable situation will prove interesting:

The *Nouvelle Revue* recently announced that there was a secret treaty between Belgium in the coming Franco-German war. Then the *Genevois* came out with the same assertion and backed it up with evidence from what it calls the "most authentic sources."

"In 1885," our Genevan contemporary says, "at a soirée at the residence of the Austro-Hungarian ambassador in Berlin an English officer remarked that the French would never be able to recapture the line of the Rhine on account of the formidable works that defend it. A Prussian general, who is now a great favorite of Emperor William, replied that Germany would find extreme difficulty in the attempt to invade France from the east. 'The French,' he said, 'have massed their best troops on the eastern frontiers, and they are commanded by their best generals, and on that side they have accumulated reserves of artillery and munitions such as no other nation possesses.'"

The *Genevois* then goes on to give the substance of an interview at Ostende between the Emperor and King Leopold. The Emperor, it says, dwelt upon the necessity that the German troops should pass through Belgium. "France," he said, "wanted a revenge. She was preparing it and was encouraged by Russia. A victory for France would mean general revolution at short notice. The countries honeycombed by socialism would be most threatened, and Belgium was the one above all others that was most troubled with socialism. In the general interest, therefore, it was necessary to take from France all possibility of winning. Today France could not be conquered by attacking her on the east; the only possible way of vanquishing her was to attack her on the north. The treaties which guarantee the neutrality of Belgium were made long ago, when it was impossible to foresee the present necessities. England would not oppose the simple passage of the German troops through Belgium. Of that the Emperor was assured. On the other hand, Belgium, whose neutrality would not be violated, but simply eluded, would have a right to compensations. There were certainly neighboring territories which would necessarily be allotted to her."

The King replied that Belgium wanted no annexation; that, while she did not want to lose any territory, she certainly did not want to take any, and that the question of the passage of German troops through her territory should be referred to the Cabinet at London. As a constitutional sovereign he was obliged to be extremely reserved, but he would leave all responsibility with his cabinet. His sympathies for Germany were too well known to need any further expression from him.

Such is the story of the *Genevois*. Its importance certainly does not rest upon its official character, for there is nothing official in it; but its probable authenticity rests in French minds upon the fact that during the past year enough evidence has leaked out to create a strong impression that the German plan of campaign contemplates the invasion of France through Belgium.

DEFYING AN ARCHBISHOP.

James J. O'Kelly, M. P., and his Irish colleagues, have arranged for a Parnell mass meeting in Montreal, early in this month. The subjoined telegram will explain the situation in that city:

"MONTREAL, Que., April 27.—A pastoral letter from Archbishop Fabre was read in all the Irish Catholic churches yesterday, exhorting the faithful to abstain from attending the meeting in honor of the Parnellite delegates May 8, and warning them against contributing to the fund which these delegates are collecting. The reception committee, composed of fifty prominent Irishmen and Roman Catholics, since the reading of the pastoral has held a meeting and resolved to treat the pastoral with contempt, and to defy the church's right to interfere in such matters."

It will be observed by the foregoing that while Irish Catholics may stand a certain amount of political bulldozing from bishops and priests of their own race, they will not tolerate the interference of foreigners, no matter how lofty their clerical station. Archbishop Fabre is not an Irishman, and this fact makes a wonderful difference in the feelings of his flock, as regards the question of Irish politics.

MAJOR JOHN B. HINMAN.

THE CITIZEN feels the deepest regret in announcing the death of its old friend Major John B. Hinman, formerly, and for many years, city editor of the Chicago *Times*. The sad event occurred at the Major's home, in this city, on Monday night. He had been suffering for some years from a complication of maladies, but had only been laid up for a few months. Unfortunately he leaves a widow and several young children in straitened circumstances. Major Hinman was born near Atwater, Portage county, Ohio, in 1840, and would have completed his 51st year next November. He received a collegiate education in Ohio and settled in Ohio and Missouri. Adopting the newspaper profession he became editor and proprietor of the St. Joseph *Union*, and afterward was editor of the St. Joseph *Gazette*. He entered the army at the commencement of the war and was with Sherman in his famous march to the sea. In 1875 he took up his permanent residence in Chicago. He was a man of wide experience in newspaper work and filled responsible posts upon the city press. The Major was one of the brightest and cheeriest of men, and all his colaborers of the press feel his loss acutely. He had the reputation of being not alone a good writer but also an excellent executive man, and while his health remained unimpaired, he always held positions of importance on the daily papers. The late Wilber F. Storey, who was a good judge of the qualities of a journalist, held him in the highest esteem.

ROCHE'S LIFE OF BOYLE O'REILLY.

The life, poems and speeches of the late John Boyle O'Reilly, compiled by his editorial associate, James Jeffrey Roche, and edited by Mrs. O'Reilly, is a large and handsome volume which will be welcome in any well regulated library. The narrative of the poet patriot's career is well but simply written. There is no straining after effect, but the man is presented to us as he appeared to, and was understood by, those who knew him best. Possessed of brilliant talent, gifted with manly courage, and overflowing with pure patriotic feeling, John Boyle O'Reilly deserves to live forever in the memory of the Irish race, which he loved and served so well. Nor was his feeling for the human family confined to Ireland and the Irish only; it extended to the black man as well as to the white, to the Saxon as well as to the Celt. If he erred in any direction whatever it was in that of an excessive benevolence, which might be considered quixotic by the skeptical. In all his preserved utterances and writings not a single unkind word or impure thought can be discovered. His poems on the prowess of the British arms during the Peninsular War, may grate somewhat on the Irish ear, but it is the valor of Irish soldiers that he eulogizes, and it must not be forgotten that O'Reilly himself was once a hussar in the service of England. He amply atoned for wearing the foreign uniform, however, in his after career. Like many another brave Irishman who served under the British flag, beginning with Lord Edward and Thomas Russell, he preferred his country to the crown when the critical moment arrived, and suffered for his preference accordingly.

Mr. O'Reilly was fortunate in fixing his residence at Boston when he arrived in America from his place of penal exile. Boston was then, and is still, the literary center of America, and O'Reilly's works, both in prose and verse, took favorably from the outset with the people of the American Athens. The seal of approval put by Boston on the writings of the young author, insured his popularity throughout the Union, and it is doubtful if any literary Irishman ever achieved the same measure of success in this country.

O'Reilly's latter day attitude on the Irish question was the reverse of aggressive. He, in fact, approached what is called the Conservative idea, but it must be remembered that he was not the sole dispenser of the editorial opinions of the *Pilot*, which has never been noticeable for radical Irish nationalism. But nobody who has studied O'Reilly's career can doubt that he was one of Ireland's truest as well as most gifted sons.

J. S. Hyland & Co., Nos. 164 to 168 Randolph street, this city, are the western agents for the book, which is sold at $3, $4 and $5 per copy, according to the style of binding.

MR. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS has been appointed city prosecutor by the new mayor. Mr. Douglas is a hard worker in the Republican ranks, and is a man of undoubted ability. THE CITIZEN is rather surprised at the recognition accorded Mr. Douglas. If that gentleman had done nothing what ever in the interests of his party during the recent campaign, there would be no cause to wonder at his promotion.

THE remains of the late Daniel J. Ryan were taken from the receiving vault at Calvary cemetery on Saturday and buried in the family lot. A large assemblage of relatives and friends was present on the occasion.

MR. CLARENCE P. DRESSER, at one time one of the most promising of the younger generation of Chicago journalists, died recently of consumption. Mr. Dresser made his greatest journalistic hit in his interview with W. H. Vanderbilt, when that person gave vent to the exclamation, "The public be damned!" Had Mr. Dresser taken life a little easier, his existence might have been much prolonged, but he was of a restless spirit and was continually engaging himself in new enterprises. In this way he wore out his health, and deprived this city of a very gifted son. Super activity is often as great a curse a sloth. The average young American generally errs in the former direction, and grows old when he should be in his physical as well as intellectual prime.

"What is cost?" must be carefully considered by the great majority of people, in buying even necessities. Hood's Sarsaparilla combines positive economy with great medicinal power. It is the only medicine of which can truly be said "100 Doses One Dollar."

The town of Carlow will soon be lighted by electricity.

IRISH NEWS.

The national prize for original lace designs offered by the South Kensington board has been taken by Miss Mahony, daughter of Ald. Mahony, Waterford.

A man named Michael Hehir, 20 years of age, residing in the Windmill, Limerick, met with a sad end recently. He drove a float to the distillery with some goods, and when near the Thomondgate police barrack, on the return journey, he accidentally slipped off the float, and one of the wheels went over his body, inflicting serious internal injuries. The sufferer was conveyed to Barrington's Hospital, and died there shortly after his admission.

A laudable effort is being made by the Rev. D. Byrne, P. P., Carlow-Graigue to have bells provided for the Roman Catholic churches at Graigue and Killeshin.

The man Michael Considine, one of the five prisoners charged with the murder of the girl Flanagan at the Cliffs of Moher, and who became a lunatic in Limerick prison while awaiting trial, has just been discharged from the asylum cured.

The mayor of Limerick, Ald. O'Riordan, who is chairman of the local Parnell Leadership Committee, was elected chairman of the Limerick board of guardians. The McCarthyites did not put forward a candidate, and the contest lay between the outgoing chairman, Mr. McInerney, who is also a prominent Parnellite, and the mayor. The voting was close—34 to 30.

At a meeting of the Butlertown (Waterford) branch of the National League, the Rev. Father Flynn, president (anti-Parnellite) was deposed and John O'Keefe (Parnellite) elected in his stead.

At Ballymoney T. C. McElroy, who contested North Antrim as a Protestant Home Ruler, at the last general election, has been presented with an address and a purse of £400, in recognition of his services in the cause of land reform.

On April 7 a lady named Patton, wife of a well-to do farmer, residing at Ballygroat, situated within about four miles of Newtownards, died suddenly while sitting in her parlor, reading.

During the past quarter there have been registered in the Croom union the deaths of two centenarians. One was Thomas Mannix, who lived near Tory Hill, aged 104 years. He was never seriously ill, and was only confined indoors for a short time previous to his death. The second, Thos. McGrath, was aged 106 years. Strangely enough, the two old men followed each other in the register entry. There were also registered five persons aged 80 years, one aged 82, two aged 84, one 86, one 88, one 90, and one 93. This gives an average of nearly 87.

Mr. H. A. Kerin, manager of the Munster and Leinster Bank, Tipperary, has been removed to the Drogheda branch of the same bank. He is succeeded by Mr. Kelly, manager at Kilfinan.

There are about 200 men and boys employed at the Killaloe Drainage Works, which, when completed, will afford tremendous increase of space for the relief of the congested districts up north, and be of great benefit to the place.

Caleb Powell, of Gortmore, near Nenagh, died recently from injuries received at the Solsboro races, he being knocked down by a horse while crossing the course.

A Tralee correspondent states that James Riordan, was charged with the murder of Cornelius Hickey nine years ago. The deposition of the man named Fitzgerald, alias Leary, was read to the effect that Riordan tried to induce him to commit the crime, but that he actually employed another confederate, whose name witness would not state. He consented, however, to write down the name. The prisoner was remanded.

Six young men of the farming class, named Connor, Collins, Sweeny, Healy and Richard and Thos. Sullivan, were arrested in their houses by the Abbeydorney police, charged with firing into the house of James Mahony, of Killahan, on Nov 30, and with attacking and taking away firearms from the house of Pierce Godley, at Ballyroman, on the 31st of March. They were brough into Tralee, before Mr. Cecil Roche, R.M. The three men, Scollard, Brosnan, and Healy (Fox), who were arrested on board the Servia, at Queenstown, about a fortnight ago, were also brought up, charged with a similar offense. They were remanded for eight days.

During a football match at Killimer, West Clare, a man named Chamber accidentally kicked his brother in the stomach, the latter dying shortly afterwards.

April 13 the Earl of Huntingdon's pack of hounds got up a hare at Glenacurra which broke straight for the Knockhill. Before reaching there, however, it had to cross the lands of a farmer named Peter Murphy, who refused to let the huntsmen pass, in consequence of which the hounds had to be driven off. This is the fourth time the hunt has been stopped at the Knockhill within the past six weeks, and is the result of a resolution adopted by the farmers of that locality to stop hunting on account of the fine recently imposed upon a farmer for an alleged assault in the hunting field upon Sir Thomas Paisley, brother-in law to the Earl of Huntingdon.

A young man named James Donegan, employed as a ballastman by the railway company, was killed close to Dundalk railway station by being run over by a shunting engine.

Stewart, the individual charged with having purchased 1,400 pigs at Waterford monthly fair without sixpence to pay for them, was brought before Mr. Lynch and further remanded. The meaningless trick reminds the Waterford *Express* of a practical joke played many years ago on the schoolmasters of South Tipperary and Kilkenny, and East Waterford, by a Carrick jackeen. The national education system had just been established. This facetious gentleman got circulars printed and forwarded to the "hedge" schoolmasters for miles around, summoning them to a public examination, which would be held in the —— Hotel yard on a given day, when those found qualified would be duly "classed." The examination day arrived, and with it arrived in Carrick some thirty or forty schoolmasters. Having had an interview with the "Inspector," it was decided that the bellman should be sent around and the public collected. Everything should be done openly and aboveboard, for the system, although in its infancy, had already met with adverse criticism. The audience being secured, an adjournment was made to the yard. The "Inspector" took his seat at a small table around which the candidates were ranged. Opening a large volume he proposed as a test in spelling to each candidate the word 'Trapanratsladandepandi.' The attempt of each candidate the "Inspector pronounced a failure. Then casting a glance of sarcastic scorn on the semicircle before him, said, with a cutting sneer, "You call yourselves schoolmasters! Begone you semi-civilized, demi-penny pedagogues!" The audience howled; the candidates ran through the gate, and crossed the bridge, followed by a jeering crowd. They took to the county Waterford hills, and never after returned to civilization. An account of the capture of one of them appeared a few years ago in the *Express* under the heading, "The Hermit of Coolnamuck."

CATHOLIC NEWS.

CATHEDRAL OF THE HOLY NAME.

There has recently been submitted to Father Fitzsimmons, of the church of the Holy Name, on North State street, a design for the interior decoration of the church by the well known fresco artists, Messrs. Reilly & Barker, No. 527 and 529 West Madison street, that in beauty of conception, purity and harmony of coloring, and fidelity to the architecture of the church, deserves more than a passing notice. It is a well known fact that the interior of the Holy Name church forms one of the best examples of pure gothic architecture in the West, and the artists seem to have made a thorough study of this school of architecture and ornament, and in a masterly manner present a pure gothic scheme of decoration, yet in such a delicate and artistic manner that the beautiful architectural lines of the church are not subordinated to the decorations, but are brought out more clearly and completely thereby.

The design is 4x4½ feet in dimension, and presents a perspective view of the chancel, front and side of the transept, and part of the wall and ceiling of the nave, together with the supporting columns. The scheme of color is a most beautiful and happy blending of old rose, golden browns, pale yellow and grey blue, lit up in such a manner with gold and silver, that the whole forms one of the most glorious combinations and harmony of color that we have had the pleasure of looking upon for some time. The designer contemplates the painting of the figures of the four evangelists in the four main panels of the transept ceiling upon a gold mailed ground, surrounded by a gothic panel work, which is ingeniously worked outward and upward until it joins and is lost in a series of gothic panels that form the center line of the ceiling. A graceful and continuous running design is employed to fill in the vacant space. The columns are of sienna marble, and in the lower part of each panel, and directly over each column the head of one of the twelve apostles is painted upon a circular diapered gold ground. The walls also are rendered in a most beautiful manner, lines of decoration and plain surfaces alternating and contrasting in a most artistic and happy manner, the old rose and golden browns of the walls acting as an admirable foil for the pale yellows and softened blues of the ceiling.

POLISH NATIONALITY.

Celebration of the 100th Anniversary of the Adoption of the Violated Constitution of Poland.

Following is the programme of the centennial celebration of the adoption of the Polish constitution of May 3, 1791, on May 3 1891, at Central Music Hall:

Polonaise—"May 3, 1791".....Kurpinski
Prof. Frerch's Orchestra.
Introduction of Presiding Officer.
Address.....
Hon. Richard S. Tuthill.
"Centennial Cantata".....Titus Earnesti
Chopin and Moniuszko Choirs, accompanied by Prof. Frerch's Orchestra, under the leadership of the composer, Titus Earnesti, Utica, N. Y.
Address (Polish).....
Hon. Frank Grygla, Minneapolis, Minn.
"Jubilee Overture".....
Prof. Frerch's Orchestra.
Oration.....
Hon. John F. Finerty.
Solo—"Our Fatherland".....
Miss Victoria Mikitynski (accompanied by orchestra.)
Oration (Polish).....
Mrs. T. Szmolinska.
Polonaise—"May 3, 1891".....T. Earnesti
Piano Solo by Composer.
Address (Polish).....
E. Zgorzinski.
"War Signals of Kosciuszko, 1793".....Wronski
Orchestra.
Address.....
Hon. M. Z. La Buy.
Recitation.....
Miss Lawicka.
"Lithuanienne".....Kurpinski
Miss V. Mikitynski, accompanied by Moniuszko Choir and Orchestra.
Address (Polish).....
S. F. Adalia.
"Polish Orphans".....Scharwenka
Prof. Frerch's Orchestra.
Stereopticon Views of Historic Polish Events
"Polish Serenade".....
Prof. Frerch's Orchestra.
Solo, Song.....
Miss N. Wiocieski.
"Polonaise".....Chopin
Prof. Frerch's Orchestra.
"Hail Columbia".....

The Nashville Parnell Branch, I. N. L.

There was a large attendance at the meeting of the Nashville Parnell Branch of the Irish National League of America last Sunday afternoon. The unhappy crisis in Ireland; brought on by dissatisfied Irish members of parliament, has not discouraged the members of the branch, as they are of the opinion that the next National League convention, which will be held at Baltimore some time during next September, will leave nothing undone to heal up all differences that have existed. It is the intention of the branch to send a good delegation to the national convention. The following officers were unanimously elected by a rising vote for the ensuing year: James Killeen, President; James Malloy, First Vice President; M. J. Laffey, Second Vice President; Phillip Otwill, Third Vice President; Thomas Rooney, Recording Secretary; James Carney, Financial Secretary; Barney McCabe, Treasurer; M. J. Martin, Collector; Thomas Grady, Sergeant at Arms.

GAELIC ATHLETICS.

Marvelous Growth and Prosperity of the Gaelic Athletic Association of Chicago.

Judging from the history and standing of the Gaelic Athletic Association and the various branches of which it is composed, it will appear that it is a prosperous and progressive institution. Its present position has been reached in the remarkably short period of a few months. One year ago there was nothing known of the Gaelic Athletic Association in Chicago. Today it is backed by some thousands of dollars, and can claim a membership of 1,500 athletic young men of Celtic blood. The association is composed of Irishmen and men of Irish descent. Their object is to revive and continue the practise of the genial pastimes of the motherland, which are chiefly football and hurling.

The Irish people are historically sportive and athletic. From the earliest ages athletics have flourished in Ireland, and the Celtic race have been always remarkable for their manly physique and athletic training. In the former respect they have indeed been the wonder of scientists. Proper physical exercise is better than medicine, tends to the full development of the human form, and causes the prolongation of life. It makes a better man and a better citizen in every respect and therefore confers a benefit upon the community at large outside of the immediate scope of any organization.

There is not a town or village in Ireland that has not a branch of the Gaelic Athletic Association. They practise football, hurling, jumping and other games. In many instances there the young men attach literary pursuits to their clubs. They establish reading rooms, furnish libraries of the best books, and have general literary exercises including debates, and the results are extremely satisfactory. The young men emigrating to this country at present, seeing the advantages of the Gaelic Athletic Association at home, have tried to establish it here and they have been eminently successful.

Not more than a year ago a number of young men on the West Side organized a football club playing under the rules the the Gaelic Athletic Association of Ireland. They named themselves the Emmet Club. Those who were at the head of it were young men of business tact and ability, and getting to work in earnest they succeeded in organizing a club which has today a membership of perfectly trained athletes and a substantial treasury. The same can be said of all the other clubs though it must be admitted that the one mentioned started the ball rolling. The next club formed was the Innisfails, then the Davitts, Columbias, and soon followed the Grattans, O'Briens, Wolfe Tones, O'Connells, and Shamrocks.

On May 5 of last year delegates representing the few clubs that were then organized met in convention at Horan's corner of Halsted and Harrison sts. The object of the convention was organize a central council or executive body to regulate the association in Chicago. The council was formed as a result, and is composed of two representatives from each club. They obtained a charter, drafted a constitution and by-laws for the benefit of the clubs. They arranged the matches for the teams last season which were so very successful. Several games were played on the Wanderers' grounds, Indiana avenue and Thirty-seventh street. The games were most exciting and interesting, and attracted thousands of people. The most important move the central council has made was that in the direction of obtaining grounds for the exclusive ownership of the association. A convention of the entire association was called for this purpose, and the result is that a spacious park has been secured from A. G. Spaulding & Co., located on Harrison and Wood streets, which can be reached by various lines of street cars from any part of the city. A stock company is now organized with a capital of $10,000. The company has obtained a charter and issued shares, which were purchased a week after being placed on the market, the purchasers being all members of the association. The officers and members of the central council are: President, F. F. Jones; vice president, A. Donoghue; treasurer, J. S. Hyland; recording secretary, R. W. Wolfe, No. 5158 Wentworth avenue; financial secretary, Thomas J. Condon; members, J. O'Donnell, J. Furlong, R. J. Cooney, P. Coughlan, J. Carroll; A. J. Sherlin, P. Gannon, ex Ald. C. E. Monear, P. McElligott, D. McMahon, Thomas Quian, M. J. Murphy and J. Fitzgerald.

R. W. WOLFE, Hon. Sec'y.

DANIEL O'CONNELL'S DUEL.

A Man Who Accompanied Him to the Field Describes the Meeting.

In Mr. Commissioner Phillips' "Life of Curran" there is the following anecdote connected with the celebrated duel between Mr. Daniel O'Connell and Mr. D'Esterre:

"Being one of those who accompanied O'Connell, he beckoned me aside to a distant part of the very large field, which had a slight covering of snow. 'Paillips,' said he, 'this seems to me not a personal but a political affair. I am obnoxious to a party, and they adopt a false pretense to cut me off. I shall not submit to it. They have reckoned without their host, I promised you. I am one of the best shots in Ireland at a mark, having, as a public man, considered it a duty to prepare for my own protection against such unprovoked aggressions as the present. Now, remember what I say: I may be struck myself, and then skill is out of the question; but, if I am not, my antagonist may have cause to regret his having forced me into this conflict.'

"The parties were then placed on the ground at, I think, twelve paces, each having a case of pistols with directions to fire when they chose after a given signal. D'Esterre rather agitated himself by making a short speech, disclaiming all hostility to his Roman Catholic countrymen, and took his ground, somewhat theatrically crossing his pistols on his bosom. They fired almost together, and instantly on the signal. The greatest self-possession was displayed by both. I deemed it a duty to narrate these details in O'Connell's lifetime whenever I heard his courage questioned, and justice to his memory now prompts me to record them here."

TOWER OF VICTORY.

Completion of the Monument at Washington's Headquarters, Newburg, N. Y., Where the Patriot Army was Disbanded.

The Tower of Victory at Washington's headquarters at Newburg, work upon which was recently completed, is the outcome of a movement which was originated in the years of 1880-81, the primary design being to mark by a fitting monument the spot where the Continental army disbanded, as well as the encampment grounds at New Windsor and those of Fishkill. This design, however, was subsequently changed to a single monument at Newburg which should commemorate the whole.

Work was begun upon the structure early in the spring of 1889, and the tower itself was completed in October of that year. There wasn't enough money, however, and things were at a standstill from that time till the appropriation of $32,000 was made by the national government. The latter was to pay for the four bronze gates and the four bronze statues that adorn the niches on the exterior of the memorial.

The design represents a Tower of Victory, built of stone, of a rectangular form. Its dimensions on ground lines are 37x32 feet, and its total height is fifty three feet. Four large archways open into the atrium, one on each side.

In the centre of the atrium, upon a polished pedestal of red granite, which stands upon four large crabs, stands a life size statue of Gen. Washington. This is the work of William Rudolf O'Donovan, of New York, and the statue is said to have cost $10 000. Mr. O'Donovan has represented Washington in the act of sheathing his sword.

From the ground floor of the tower two narrow spiral staircases (one for ascent and one for descent) lead to a belvidere or open outlook, capable of holding about 100 persons. The view from the belvidere embraces a broad expanse of river and mountain scenery, with outlying valleys. North and South Beacon, upon whose towering tops the signal fires were lit during the Revolution, are directly in front, while to the right is seen the northern gate to the Highlands, and West Point in the distance. The belvidere is surmounted by an iron and tile roof, affording protection from sun and rain. The roof is supported by thirteen massive columns, upon which the shields of the thirteen original States of the Union may eventually be placed. The interior walls are also provided with recesses for the reception of bas reliefs and medallions, which can be supplied in the future.

Resting in niches on the east and west walls of the structure are four bronze figures representing the four arms of the service in the Continental army in the Revolution—the dragoon, the artilleryman, the rifleman and the line officer—each of whom is dressed in the exact uniform of the time.

On the east side of the tower is set a bronze tablet, with its figure of peace in relief. The tablet bears this explanatory inscription:

> This monument was erected under the authority of the Congress of the United States and of the State of New York in commemoration of the disbandment under proclamation of the Continental Congress of October 18th, 1783, of the armies by whose patriotic and military virtue our national independence and sovereignty were established.

Four large bronze gates guard the approaches to the atrium, and are raised and lowered by portcullis. They are modelled entirely of bronze.

The keys of the Tower of Victory have been handed over to Mr. John H. Martin, superintendent at Washington's Headquarters, by Lieut. John Biddle, of the engineer corps, stationed at West Point, who received them from the contractor last week.

It is probable that the structure will soon be formally accepted by the State government.

OBITUARY.

MRS ELIZABETH CLARKIN.

The death of one of Chicago's purest women has cast a gloom over quite a large portion of the city and state. Mrs. Elizabeth Clarkin, of whose demise we write with regret, died at her home, 176 Forty-first street, on March 25, at the early age of 30 years. The path of usefulness she pursued, the noble examples she set, the great unselfishness of her whole being, intensifies the grief that falls on her devoted husband and child, the former having had a close call from that dread complaint, pneumonia, to which the subject of this notice succumbed. If the generous sympathy of a host of earnest friends could allay family grief, then indeed the burden would be made very light. The consolations of religion were tended to by the faithful and sincere pastor of the Church of the Holy Angels, Rev. Father Tigh, whose attention was unremitting to the deceased lady. She was a devoted Catholic, and so practical that her good works and charity became noted though done in a quiet way. The floral tributes of respect from friends would be better seen than described. The interment took place at Wilmington, Ill.

Death of Mrs Bridget A. Ford

As this issue of the *Freeman's Journal* goes to press, word comes of the death of one near and dear to us in Mrs. Bridget A. Ford. The sad event occurred after but a few days' illness at her home, corner of Lawrence and Fulton streets, Brooklyn, on Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Mrs. Ford was born in Brooklyn about forty five years ago, her family being one of the pioneer Catholic families of that city. She was a sister of ex Supervisor Charles H. Toley, and at her birth her parents resided on a farm that is almost within a stone's throw of the city hall, and around the spot has since grown thousands of homes, with nearly a million of people to occupy them. About eighteen years ago she became the wife of the late James E. Ford, brother of Patrick and Augustine Ford, of the *Irish World*, and of Miss Ellen Ford, of the *Freeman's Journal*, and uncle of the writer. Two sons were the offspring of this most happy union, one of them now sleeps with his father and mother in the cemetery of the Holy Cross, Flatbush. There was never kindlier spirit than that of our dear one, and when typhoid pneumonia marked her Monday last little we thought we would be called upon so soon to mourn her. She was all that a Christian woman should be, and died fortified by the sacraments of the church in which she was born. In the prayer that God may grant eternal happiness, we know that every reader of the *Freeman's Journal* will join.—*New York Freeman's Journal.*

Resolutions of Condolence.

At the last (special) meeting of Division No. 35, A. O. H., of Chicago, the following resolutions on the death of brother Anthony Rodgers were adopted:

WHEREAS, An all wise providence in his infinite wisdom has seen fit to remove from among us our beloved friend and brother Anthony Rodgers, and

WHEREAS, While we bow in humble submission to the decrees of our Heavenly Father, we cannot refrain from expressing our profound sorrow for the loss of one alike universally respected and esteemed. Therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of brother Anthony Rodgers this Division has sustained the loss of one of the oldest and most zealous members, the church a devout adherent, the community an honest and upright citizen, and his family an affectionate husband and father, and be it further

Resolved, That we tend the family of our deceased brother our most profound sympathy in this, their sad hour of affliction, that these resolutions be spread on the records of this Division, and a copy sent to THE CITIZEN, of Chicago, for publication, and that our charter be draped for the period of thirty days.

THOS DOYLE,
JAMES GANNON,
M J O'BRIEN,
Committee.

OPPORTUNITY.

Master of human destinies am I!
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk. I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate!
If sleeping, wake; if feasting rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore,
I answer not and I return no more.

JNO. J. INGALLS.

. . . . . .

But fail ye not in this respect.
Seize every OPPORTUNITY to travel
Over the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway.
This is the advice of

GEO. H. HEAFORD,
General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

LATEST IRISH DEATHS.

HIGGINS—March 27, in Dublin, James Higgins, of Carrowpadden, Dunmore, aged 77.

MAHON—March 27, at Eyrecourt, Thomas Mahon, aged 65 years.

WALDRON—March 31, at Bishop street, Tuam, Thomas Waldron, aged 78 years.

DALY—April 2, at the Hospice for the Dying, Harold's Cross, Mrs Catherine Daly, formerly of Towra, Shincrone, King's Co.

DOHERTY—March 29, at Clyhore, county Donegal, Elizabeth, widow of the late Frank Doherty, Camlin, Ballyshannon.

FARRELL—At her residence, Parnell House, No. 181 South Circular road, Dublin, Mary, wife of Matthew Farrell.

HAGUE—April 4, Jane, eldest daughter of the late William Hague, Brookvale, Cavan.

KENNEDY—April 4, at North quay, Drogheda, Marian Kennedy.

LAWLER—April 1, Thomas, son of the late William Lawler, of Damastown House, county Dublin

LUMLEY—April 4, at No. 41 Lower Buckingham street, Dublin, Frances, wife of George Lumley, Sr.

MCENTIRE—April 4, Elizabeth McEntire, widow of the late James McEntire, of Eary House, county Tyrone.

MURRAY—April 3, at the Mater Misericordiæ Hospital, Dublin, Thomas J. Murray.

FARRELL—April 7, at No. 19 Upper Gloucester street, Dublin, Mrs Maria Farrell, relict of the late Peter Farrell.

GRATTAN—At Main street, Maryborough, Queen's county, Julia, wife of Thomas Grattan, aged 46 years.

NEARY—April 7, at Victoria terrace, Howth, Dr. B. J. Neary, aged 53 years.

CARROLL—April 5, at Fortal, Birr, King's county, John Carroll.

COONEY—April 2, at Killogan, Fethard, county Wexford, Alice, relict of the late John Cooney, aged 87 years.

DONNELLY—April 6, at No. 89 Francis st., Dublin, Margaret Donnelly, late of Hacketstown, county Carlow.

FLOOD—At No. 72 Irishtown road, Dublin, Mrs. Mary Flood, aged 75 years.

FOX—April 6, at Trim, Kate, youngest daughter of the late Michael Fox.

HENRY—April 4, at Loretto convent, Omagh, Margaret, daughter of the late James Henry, Cahure, Draperstown.

LYNAM—April 6, at No 2 Granby place, Dublin, Phœbe, wife of Richard Lynam.

MCDONALD—April 6, at No. 58 Lower Clanbrassil street, Dublin, Patrick McDonald.

MOLLOY—April 2, at Oakstown, Trim, Richard Molloy, aged 81 years.

O'CONNOR—April 6, at Knox street, Sligo, Michael J. O'Connor, of O'Connor Bros.

THUNDER—April 6, at No 2 Aberdeen st., Infirmary road, Dublin, Patrick Thunder.

O'RIORDAN—March 29, at Lismore, Michael, son of the late Thomas O'Riordan.

O'ROURKE—At No. 21 Digges street, Dublin, Ellen O'Rourke, widow of the late Peter O'Rourke.

CONLAN—April 7, at Moyrath, Kildalkey, county Meath, Rose, eldest daughter of the late James Conlan, aged 24 years

O'TOOLE—April 7, at Edenderry, Mary Agnes, eldest daughter of Mrs. Mary O'Toole.

MARMION—April 4, at Carrickedmond, Catherine, widow of the late Thomas Marmion, aged 64 years.

LEVINS—April 10, at Whiterath, Castlebellingham, Patrick Levins, aged 69 years.

BRENNAN—April 10, at Knockaleva, Ann, widow of the late Michael Brennan, at an advanced age

DOWNEY—April 10, at No. 45 North Road, Drogheda, James Downey.

RUTTLEDGE—April 1, at Carravilla, Hollymount, Elsie Ruttledge, daughter of the late William Ruttledge.

MCARDLE—April 12, Francis McArdle, of Church Hill, Ardee, at an advanced age.

MAHONY—April 8, at Borris, county Carlow, Patrick Mahony.

KENNEDY—April 12 at Castlecomer, Michael Kennedy, aged 75 years.

PRICE—April 13, at Littletown, Naas, Samuel Price, aged 85 years.

DARBY—April 9, at Athboy, William Darby, aged 63 years.

FENIGAN—April 9, at Swords, Mrs. Anne Fenigan, late of Ballymadrough, aged 70 years.

FLOOD—April 9, at Athlumney, Navan, Elizabeth Flood.

GIBNEY—April 9, at Ballinlough, Delvin, Westmeath, Patrick Gibney, aged 61 years.

GRENNAN—April 9, at Horselep, county Westmeath, Teresa, third daughter of Martin Grennan. Raheen, Clara

KENNY—April 10, at Coolkenno, county Wicklow, Laurence Kenny, aged 80 years.

LYNCH—April 9, at Elphin, county Roscommon, Ellen, wife of Richard J. Lynch.

RYAN—April 10, at Kells, county Meath, Mrs Catherine Ryan, relict of the late Thomas Ryan, aged 62 years.

STATE OF OHIO CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D 1886.

{SEAL} A. W GLEASON.
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

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JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY,

by James Jeffrey Roche, edited in the interest of his widow and children, and

"Discourses From the Pulpit"

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Noted Catholic Orators

—AS—

Cardinals Newman, Wiseman, Manning and Gibbons. A new work just published, with the imprimatur of Archbishop Corrigan. Exclusively sold in the Western States by

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LIVE AGENTS WANTED.

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MASON, ENNIS & BATES,

Attorneys-at-Law,

ROOMS 501 TO 510 NORTHERN OFFICE BUILDING,

36 LaSalle-st., Corner of Lake,

CHICAGO.

INFORMATION WANTED

Of Peter J. O'Connell, son of John and Mary O'Connell, Ardgroon, county Cork, Ireland. He was in Marquette, Mich., in 1883, and left there in 1884 and went to his uncle, C. C. Lowrey, Jamestown, Dak.; in 1886 he went from there to Duluth, Minn.; the last heard of him, in the fall of 1887, he was in Ashland, Wis. Any information about him will be thankfully received by

PETER O'CONNELL,
Marquette, Mich.

Irish-American papers please copy.

FOR SALE.

See the new two-story attic and basement finished flat buildings, Centre avenue and Sixty-ninth street, if you are looking for a home; street cars run on Sixty-ninth street; property four blocks west of Halsted street; one flat can be rented and the other used for residence; 12-room houses; very easy terms; houses now ready; open every day.

JAMES O'CONNELL, Owner,

916 Opera House Block.

ATTENTION VETERANS!

The undersigned, having been duly recognized and authorized to act as Pension and Bounty Claim Agent by the Interior Department of the United States, will be ready to attend to all business of the kind, including widows' and orphans' claims, that may be entrusted to him on and after Monday, Sept. 1, 1890. No fee charged if claim is not allowed.

JOHN F. FINERTY
79 Dearborn st., Chicago, Ill.

JAMES O'CONNELL, ATTORNEY, 916 CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE BLOCK.

ESTATE OF MARTIN LANAHAN, Deceased — All persons having claims against the estate of Martin Lanahan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of June A. D. 1891, being the 15th day thereof. HONORIA LANAHAN, Executrix.

Dated Chicago, April 14, 1891.
James O'Connell, Solicitor for Executrix.

H.R.EAGLE

A New Crop Uncolored Japan Tea, per lb	15 cents
Golden Rod Minnesota Patent Flour, per bbl. This is one of the best Flours made in Minnesota.	$5.48
6 lbs Roasted Coffee for	$1.00
Kirk's Olean Laundry Soap, per bar	2 cents
A Good Scrub Brush for	5 cents
Good Scrubbing Lye, per can	5 cents
4 Packages of Tacks for	3 cents
A Good Tack Hammer for	2 cents
Enoch Morgan's Sapolio, per cake	5 cents
Wood Box Stove Polish, per package	3 cents

STEP LADDERS,

WELL MADE AND STRONG.

3-foot	36 cents	7-foot	69 cents
4-foot	39 cents	8-foot	73 cents
5-foot	49 cents	10-foot	89 cents
6-f	59 cents		

A 2 lb Jar Pure Fruit Jelly for	9 cents
Toilet Paper, per roll	3 cents
Genuine Tar Soap, per cake	5 cents
Large cans Mustard Sardines for	7 cents
A 25 cent Harmonica for	7 cents
A Bent Stem Applewood Pipe for	5 cents
Large Tin Toys, each	1 cent
A 1 lb Package Best Linen Note Paper for	19 cents
Folding Checker Boards, each	1 cent
Pocket Memorandum Slates, each	1 cent
Carved Wood Salad Sets, per set	8 cents
A 10 lb Pail Large Family Mackerel for	99 cents
Genuine Durham Mustard, per can	5 cents
French Mustard, per bottle	5 cents
A 3 lb can California Muscat Grapes for	14 cents
A Half Pint Bottle Lemon Extract for	29 cents
Men's Long Leather Bill Pocketbooks, each	5 cents
Toy Police Lanterns, each	2 cents
Condensed Milk, per can	10 cents
California Dried Peaches, per pound	13 cents
Best Turkish Prunes, per lb	9 cents
California Loose Muscatel Raisins, per lb	6 cents
A 3 lb Can Baltimore Table Peaches for	18 cents
A 3 lb Can Wild Blackberries, extra sweet, for	17 cents
Salad Dressing, per bottle	10 cents
A 2 lb Can McMurray's Succotash for	11 cents
Fard Dates, per lb	5 cents
A Full Pound Bar Telephone Soap for	3½ cents
A 3 lb Can Table Apples for	10 cents
A 2 lb Can Table Blackberries for	7 cents
A 2 lb Can Gooseberries for	8 cents
A 20 lb Box London Layer Table Raisins for	$1.29

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"THE CITIZEN."

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All Subscribers and Advertisers Will Please Take Notice.

A MORNING THOUGHT.

What if some morning, when the stars were paling,
And the dawn whitened, and the east was clear,
Strange peace and rest fell on me from the presence
Of a benignant spirit standing near;

And I should tell him, as he stood beside me,
"This is our earth—most friendly earth, and fair;
Hail its sea and shore through sun and shadow
Faithful it turns, robed in its azure air.

"There is blest living here, loving and serving,
And quest of truth and serene friendships dear;
But stay not, Spirit! Earth has one destroyer—
His name is Death; flee, lest he find thee here!"

And what if then, while the still morning brightened,
And freshened in the elm the Summer's breath,
Should gravely smile on me the gentle angel,
And take my hand and say, "My name is Death."

—Edward Rowland Sill in Chicago Graphic.

BIG BILL.

Back of Laramie, Wy., there is a range of hills that would be called mountains anywhere else. Here you can find deep gorges, ravines and valleys. Some twenty miles above the city there is a road that winds up and up into the hills, over acres of barren rock, and then descends down into a beautiful valley where grass is growing luxuriantly, and sheep and antelope are grazing. Follow the road by a miniature lake, and by and by it will lead you around the base of a tall mountain, and there you will find a little log cabin beside a willow lined stream, and you will see there a large sheep corral.

I was lounging on the ground a few years ago in front of the little cabin smoking peacefully, and listening to the wind sighing through the willows and pines, the bleating of the sheep in the corral and the howl of the coyote up in the hills.

"As far as I know, Big Bill and me were the first white men who herded sheep up here in the hills," said the occupant of the cabin, as he sat in the doorway with his pipe in his mouth. "We came up here from the home ranch down on the Laramie river and built this cabin and the corrals in '77. We had about 5,000 sheep to look after, with the dogs to help us, and it was pretty hard work, for then the hills were full of mountain lions, and they din't know the difference between the sheep and the antelope, but we got along all right. As the old man sent some of the sheep down on the plains and others to the home ranch, Bill and me didn't have anything to do, so we went up in the northern part of the state rounding cattle, but in the latter part of 1887 the old man sent for us, and so we came back and took about 3,000 sheep up here to look after.

"We hadn't been here long before a young tenderfoot came up from Omaha to help us, the old man said, but in reality he only wanted a little outdoor exercise. Jim was a mighty good fellow, though, if he was a tenderfoot, and he and Bill became warm friends. Jim was small, thin and pale, and Bill was big, bronzed and full bearded, with hair that fell down on his shoulders. Jim just used to stick by Bill as close as a sick kitten to a hot brick, and used to follow him away over by Dirty Em mountain and Ragged Top, and when he came in at sundown he would look like a corpse, but after a while he got as strong as an ox and slept like a horse. After supper they would take their pipes and tobacco and go out there under yonder tall pine, and would talk until long into the night, and I used to sit here and wonder what the mischief they would talk about. But Jim was the best natured fellow that ever lived, excepting, of course, Big Bill. All that summer they were as inseparable as the lamented Siamese twins, and when one went down to the home ranch or to Laramie the other would go too.

"One day Jim wasn't feeling well, and I'm blessed if Bill didn't camp right by his bedside all day long, and me and Shep, the dog, had to look after the sheep. Jim was only sick a couple of days, and the next Sunday when the men from down on the ranch came up to bring us some papers and canned stuff they brought a letter for Jim from his employers down in Omaha asking that he come home at once. When Jim got ready to go I am an Indian if he and Big Bill didn't cry, and Bill he walks along up to the top of the hill, and sat down on a bowlder, and kept his eyes fastened on the wagon as it turned around the serpentine road, and watched it until it disappeared on the plain below, and then he came back here and sats down awful glum, and says he to me:

"'Jake, Jim's an all fired good feller.'

"'You bet he is.'

"That's all I said, but Big Bill understood me. Every Sunday when the men from the ranch didn't come up Bill used to walk clear down there and get the letter that would be sure to be there for him from Jim, and he would bring it back up here, and we used to work pretty hard to read it, even if it was written with a typewriter, for you know neither Bill nor me had ever had any schooling. They were awful good letters, though, and once he sent us some fine woolen shirts and mittens, and some crack tobacco and a couple of pipes; this is one of them now. About a month after he left we got a letter saying he was going to be married, and he was dead anxious for Big Bill to come down and take it in, but Bill wouldn't do it, because he said Jim might be ashamed of him; but Jim wasn't that kind of a fellow, as I'm going to tell you pretty soon.

"About three years after his marriage Jim wrote a letter asking both Bill and me to come down and see him and his wife and the kid, and there was a lot of scribbling, which Jim said was the baby's invitation. Course I knew it was Big Bill they wanted to see, although Jim and me were good friends, but as Bill allowed he wouldn't go if I didn't go with him, I consented to go, and so when the sheep had been moved down to the ranch we went down to Omaha. We didn't tell him we were coming, for Bill thought it would be big fun to surprise him. When we got into Omaha we were kinder scared, seeing all the people and the rustle; but a policeman comes up and asked us who we wanted, and we told him the name of the firm Jim worked for and he explained how to get there. Bill and me started out and crossed the viaduct. I believe that's what it's called, a big bridge over the railroad tracks, and when we got to the other end and walked around a bit we saw the sign up and we crossed over and went in. There were lots of men working there, and Jim was standing up talking to a girl who was a-writing like a congressman. When Bill saw him he walks right up and shoves out his hand and says he in a loud, cheery voice:

"'Hullo, ole Jim, how be ye?

"Jim just looked up and then jumped a yard and grabs Bill's outstretched hand in both of his and then he grabs mine, a-talking like a politician all the time. He excused himself for a minute and reads a little more to the girl and then he introduced us to three or four people and got his coat. The girl turned around and commenced hitting a machine and Bill went up and took off his hat and his long hair fell about his face and he said:

"'That's one of those typewriters, ain't it, miss?'

"And the girl looked up and smiled awfully nice and says, 'Yes, sir,' and then Jim came along and we left. We went out, and I'll be switched if I could see how Jim could find his way around with all the wagons and people and electric cars, but we got on one of them trains and rode for about half an hour and then we got off and walked up a hill. A pretty little house stood up above the street and we went up, for that was where Jim lived. The house was fixed up in great shape, and as Bill and me stood there kind of awkward the curtains were shoved aside and a young lady came in. She stood for a second, and Jim just said "my wife," when she stepped forward with the sweetest kind of a smile and taking my pard's hand and says:

"'This is Big Bill, I know, and Jake. I am glad to see you.'

"Bill just looked all broke up for a minute and then he turned to Jim:

"'No wonder you married, Jim,' says he.

"Jim and his wife just laughed, and while they were enjoying themselves a little child came into the room and ran up to his father, and he took him up in his arms and kissed him and then set him down on the floor, and he ran over to where Bill was sitting in one of those big chairs and climbed up in his lap, and Bill held him like he was glass, and he was pleased if he did feel foolish, and the kid ran his little hands through the big man's beard and long hair, and seemed to enjoy it immensely, and pretty soon Bill turns to Jim and says he:

"'You had better take this, Jim. I ain't used to handling such lambs.'

"Jim reached out for the child, but he clung close to Bill. A flush of pride comes into my pard's face, and he looked up and said:

"'What's the kid's name, Jim?'

"But before Jim could answer the boy said 'Bill' just as plain, and the big fellow looked up first at Mrs. Jim and then at her husband and he read the answer in their faces, and then he pressed the child close to his bosom, and two big tears came into his eyes and fell on his cheeks. We felt at home right away, and that afternoon Jim got a carriage and drove us all over the city and out to the fort. Bill looked awful happy sitting on the back seat with Mrs. Jim, and the kid and Mrs. Jim laughing softly and talking merrily while her husband and Bill spoke of when Jim was up here in the hills. We staid there for three days, and Jim just showed us all the big buildings and took us up to one of those swell clubs and introduced us around as though we were millionaires instead of poor sheep herders, and a reporter gave Bill a great write up too.

"About a month after we were down in Omaha we saw a man from the ranch riding up, and so we went over to see what was the matter, for it was on Thursday and we thought something was up. He had a letter with a black margin from Bill and he tore it open and it was from Mrs. Jim, saying that Jim had been taken suddenly sick and had died. Well, sir, Bill just took the letter in his hand and turned around like one that's paralyzed and he walked straight over yonder under that pine tree where he and Jim had laid so often and threw himself down on the ground. I looked after the sheep, and at sundown I drove them all up here into the corral and then Shep and me went over, and the dog, when he saw Bill lying flat on the ground with his face in his arms, gave one long and agonizing howl and began licking Bill's face and Bill reached up and pulls Shep right down by him and said awful soft like:

"'Your heart's broken, too, ain't it, Shep?'

"He lay there for a long while, and the moonlight came out from behind the clouds and bathed the hills and the valleys with the soft light, and it fell upon Big Bill, lying with his head on the dog and sobbing to himself. It was almost morning, and the moonlight had died away, and the eastern heavens were tinged by the light of the rising sun and a soft wind stirred the willows there by the brook, and murmured through the pines, when he arose and come over here to the cabin. I was so dead tired that I had slept all night, and when he opened the door I was just getting up.

"'Jake,' he said, 'I have got to go down to Omaha.'

"'Because,' he said, 'you know Jim was pretty extravagant and he didn't get much of a salary, and I wouldn't be surprised if his wife and the kid was pretty hard pressed. I must go down and look after them, for I know Jim would like to have me do so.'

"I saw there wasn't any use of talking, and so he shook hands with me and started out over the hills for the ranch. He drew all the money coming to him, and I didn't see or hear anything from him until along toward the close of the summer, when one evening, as Shep and me were sitting out here, and I was a-puffing my pipe, I heard a step, and looking up, I saw Big Bill.

"I didn't know him at first. He had on store clothes. His hair was short and he only wore a mustache. He looked like a corpse. His cheeks and eyes were sunken, and he had a cough that pained him terribly. He had walked all the way up from Laramie, and as he was pretty well pegged out I didn't say much to him, but just got him something to eat and put him to bed. He used to sleep like an ox, but all night he was restless, and pitching backward and forward on the bed. Next day he told me that when he got in Omaha he went up and saw Mrs. Jim and the kid and that she was all broke up. You see Jim had spent money pretty freely and when his debts was paid she didn't have a cent, and Bill told her that Jim had lent him a lot of money, which, of course, was not so, and that he would pay it back now. You see, if Bill had offered to have helped her she wouldn't have taken a cent, but as long as she believed Bill owed the money it was all right.

"So Bill got a job working on the grades, but he told her he was just resting in Omaha, and every Saturday night he used to give her nearly all his earnings, and just starved himself and slept in a tent with the horses out in the suburbs at night in all kinds of weather, and breathing the dust and dirt all day and the stable at night, and not eating at all regularly, his health broke down and he was taken to a hospital. About this time an old aunt of Mrs. Jim's died and left her a pile of property. Mrs. Jim kinder suspected something was wrong with Big Bill, but she couldn't get anything out of him, though she tried awful hard. She 'lowed to tell Bill the next Saturday night when he came, but he didn't come, and she couldn't guess what was the matter until she saw by a paper that he had been taken to the hospital. She went up there to see him and he was delirious, and when he was out of his head he told all about what he had been doing, and it liked to have killed Mrs. Jim. When he got better she used to take him out driving, and said she would pay him back, and she did make him take about a hundred dollars, and she was just bound he would be paid in full, and so he skipped out and came back up here.

"For a while he was a good deal better, but his cough got worse, and by and by he didn't pretend to do anything but just walk around with his head down and his hands behind him and talk about Jim and little Bill and Mrs. Jim, and he would lay out there in the cold night air with his head in his hands, looking up at the star dotted heavens and listening to the wind moaning through the pines. I got a letter from Mrs. Jim asking if Bill had come up here and how he was, and I managed to write back how he was. Well, one morning Bill didn't get up and I saw that he was pretty bad, and so I didn't go out with the sheep but just left them in the corral while I attended to Bill. Along about noon I heard Shep bark, and looking out I saw a carriage coming around the mountain there, and I thought it was a doctor which the old man had sent up, but when it drew up Mrs. Jim and little Bill got out.

"'Is there anything the matter? He isn't dead, is he?' she asked me. 'I have come and will take him back where he can have the best of medical attendance. I can never forget what he did for Billie and I, just for Jim's sake.'

"I didn't say anything, but just pointed into the little cabin, and she and the kid went in and leaned over him. He opened his eyes, and when he saw her he tried to raise himself, but he couldn't.

"'Am I dead?' he asked.

"'No,' said Mrs. Jim, 'Billie and I have come up here for you, and we will take you back with us to Omaha, where you will soon get well.'

"'You are very kind,' he said, and then smiled softly, drew a heavy sigh and died. Mrs. Jim leaned over him and her tears fell upon his face as she kissed him, and little Bill and me were crying too. We buried him next day, when the men came up from the ranch, out there under the tall pine, where he and Jim used to lie so much, and where he spent so much of his time after he got back from Omaha, and a few days after Mrs. Jim came up in a carriage from Laramie, acting as the guide for a man who brought up a stone for Bill's grave."

There were tears in the eyes of the old sheep herder when he finished, and we arose and went over to the grave. The wind was sighing a requiem through the tall pine tree, and the little stream was murmuring the sweetest music as it ran along over the rocks. In the moonlight I read on the plain marble slab the simple inscription:

BIG BILL,
ONE OF THE NOBLEST OF MEN.

—R. A. Eaton in Omaha Herald.

The Dangers of a Doctor's Life.

Eighteen thousand doctors are now required to guard the health of the British islands. Few of them spend the evening of their days in competence and retirement. The doctor's life is the most dangerous of all, and, on the average, the shortest of all. It is even more dangerous than the soldier's. Exposed to the contagion of fatal diseases, to cold, to night air, to accident, it is not to be wondered that he falls early in the battle of life. In every little town may be found clergymen, officers, brewers, grocers, tailors, schoolmasters, jewelers, shoemakers and even peddlers, who end the evening of life in affluence and ease. But how seldom the doctor. He generally dies in harness.—London Tit-Bits.

When small bodies get in the eye, like cinders, dust or chips of stone, a horsehair loop will frequently do what pulling one eyelid over the other fails to accomplish. Pure gum arabic, in weak solution, may be poured into the eye, which requires a cold bandage afterward. In case of lime, use lemon juice and water at once.

MANIAC AND DOCTOR.

AN INSANE NEGRESS THROTTLES A PHYSICIAN IN A CELL.

Dr. Dent, of Blackwell's Island, Nearly Loses His Life—Timely Arrival of Attendants Prevents a Fatal Result—A Thrilling Encounter.

Dr. E. C. Dent, superintendent of the insane asylum on Blackwell's Island, told me of a thrilling experience he had with a mad negress. Dr. Dent has been for ten years connected with the asylum, has treated the most violent cases and has had many narrow escapes from death, but his battle with the giant negro woman, he said, was the closest call he ever had.

When Dr. Dent became superintendent of the institution on Blackwell's Island he abolished all the mechanical restraint apparatus, and he determined that all harsh and repressive measures should be expressly forbidden. His idea was that in the treatment and care of patients they should be made to feel at home and among friends; but in spite of all the care and kind attention and the endeavor to please the patients, there are a number of the latter on the island, the doctor said, who are as ferocious as wild animals. These violent cases occasionally take advantage of the fact that there are no straitjackets or restraining machines in the institution, and they become insulting and aggressive and oftentimes very dangerous.

The negress was one of these cases. She had been in the institution for several years and was incurably insane. All the attendants and nurses in the ward in which she was confined were in mortal dread of her, and they were obliged to keep constantly on the watch for fear of a sudden attack from the mad woman, whose name is Ann Kinney. She is nearly six feet in height and very muscular. She had been a laundress in this city, and during an altercation with her husband she received a blow on the head, as a result of which she became insane.

"I was summoned to the acute ward," said Dr. Dent, where I found the negress in a terrible rage. She had driven all the nurses out of the ward and the other patients were completely cowed. She was rambling about at will, brandishing half a picture frame she had torn from the wall. Her eyes were bloodshot and she was foaming at the mouth. When I appeared she became more violent, and the other patients were crying out in terror. She began tearing off her clothes, and presented a hideous spectacle.

"There was only one thing to do, and that was to confine the negress before she could kill or maim any of the patients, which, with her strength, she could do in a few moments. There was no time to summon other help, so I opened the door and walked in. The mad woman made a dash for me, and when within half a dozen paces she threw down her picture frame, which was of light pine, and seizing a bench, which she broke with ease, and catching up a heavy oaken bench rung, she prepared to attack me. I spoke to her gently, calling her by name, told her it was all right, that no one wanted to harm her, and to keep quiet. This did not soothe her in the least.

"Thinking to catch her off her guard I grabbed for the arm that held the bench rung. My antagonist dropped the rung and swore that she would kill me, and to tell the truth I was a little afraid she would, for I was only about half her size. The way she chucked me about the floor, picked me up and threw me down again, almost took the life out of me. She played with me as a cat does with a mouse, but, strange to say, though she had me at her mercy, she did not attempt to beat my brains out with her club. It all happened in a very few minutes. When she gave me a breathing spell I appealed to her sympathies and she calmed down considerably, and after talking to her in a conciliatory manner we decided to compromise. She agreed to go to her cell quietly, after I had promised to give her something to ease the pain in her head. I walked to the cell with her, in order to fasten the door on the outside. I opened the cell door, and as I did so she grabbed me around the waist, lifted me from the ground and carried me bodily into the cell, then slammed the door. 'Now I will kill you, sure,' she cried.

"She imagined that it was I who had hit her on the head and had caused her all her sufferings. Her powerful hand was at my throat when the attendants rushed in and rescued me. It was the narrowest escape I had ever had. She was given an opiate to quiet her, while I, more dead than alive, was carried to my office considerably bruised."

"How about the cases of rough usage to patients that have occurred in the institution?" I asked.

"In spite of all the care and supervision and under the most rigid discipline, it rarely happens that the patients are roughly spoken to, much less roughly treated, by the nurse; but, of course, attendants upon the insane, like the ordinary run of mankind, are not universally sweet tempered, nor endowed too liberally with that spirit of Christian forbearance so beautifully inculcated in the Sermon on the Mount.

"We have too few attendants here. We should have at least one for every ten patients, but we have not half that number. The employes are overworked; they are kept busy constantly from the time they get up till they go to bed, with duties of a most trying character. They are cut off for the most part from social pleasures, and their sacrifices are many for small pay. But whenever a case comes to my attention of a nurse or attendant caught in the act of abusing a patient there is an immediate discharge. The patients are encouraged to tell their grievances to their supervisors and physicians, whom they are taught to regard as their friends and protectors, and their reports of ill treatment are investigated carefully when there is the least ground to believe that they are true. We are now investigating the cases referred to in the daily papers, and as far as we have gone we find that our keepers are not at fault. In case we should find otherwise we shall see that justice is done."—New York Telegram.

USED THEM IN HIS BLOW-GUN.

Doctor—"Well, my fine little fellow, you have got quite well again. I was sure the pills I left for you would cure you. How did you take them, in water or in cake?"

Boy—"Oh, I used them in my blow-gun."

The little fellow put the nasty, great, griping, old-fashioned pills to a good use. At most, all his internal economy needed was a dose of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They are tiny, sugar-coated granules, easy to take, and are gently aperient, or actively cathartic, according to size of dose. As a laxative, only one tiny Pellet is required.

The "Pellets" cure Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels. In explanation of their remedial power over so great a variety of diseases, it may truthfully be said that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their sanative influence.

The "Pellets" are put up in vials, hermetically sealed, therefore always fresh and reliable, which is not the case with pills put up in wooden or pasteboard boxes.

The "Pellets" are purely vegetable, and operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation.

They are a convenient vest-pocket remedy.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are the cheapest pill, sold by druggists, because they are *guaranteed* to give satisfaction in every case, or their price (25 cents a vial) is refunded. You only pay for *the good* you get.

Can you ask more?

Manufactured by World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Leaven.

It is easy to sneer at people's eccentricities. We may smile at the man who persists in wearing a queer style of hat, or at the woman who clings to an old fashion in hair dressing. But in adhering to a custom both agreeable and comfortable, do they not show some independence of mind, a decision that helps to leaven the lump of general flabbiness?

Once a lady whose eyes were weak was obliged always to carry a sunshade to protect them from the glare of the sun. Even in winter, and when she wore furs, the sunshade was a necessity. She declared laughingly that no one would believe, unless she tried it, how much attention such a simple matter evoked. Sometimes she was followed a block or two by boys commenting on her odd appearance. They wondered if she was crazy. And while they wondered, seemed to think she was also deaf. Older people, whom one would think might know better, gazed at her curiously, and even questioned her as to the reason of her peculiar conduct.

Most persons under such persecution would have given up the fight, staid in the house or decided to bear the pain and run the danger. Being a woman of resolute temper she did nothing of the kind. She carried her muff and her parasol all winter. Indeed, after a while she seemed to take a wicked pleasure in flaunting these articles before the faces of bewildered passers, who would often turn and look back with an expectation of seeing strange developments from so great a phenomenon.

Probably not many women would have stuck to the singularity as she did, or have gotten so much amusement out of it. Yet if it is considered in another light, and we reflect how much interest she excited and how many gazers she supplied with subject for conversation, we might call her a public benefactor.—Harper's Bazar.

Imagination and Hunger.

I observed another instance of the influence of the imagination upon our happiness of a sort to which I dare say I have before alluded. I was engaged one morning in preparing part of an interesting chapter in my new work—the one which deals with the origin and development of the bonnet. I had got as far as the head dress worn by the Athenian matrons to the theater, and was naturally much engrossed with the work, when an inward monitor, in a still, small, yet unmistakable, voice, suggested "luncheon." I looked at my watch—it said 3 o'clock.

Now I always take luncheon at half-past 1; never, in any emergency, later than 2. But 3 o'clock! I felt ill and faint. I started for the club feeling like Rip Van Winkle when he came home for his luncheon twenty years late. I passed a friend. I tried to slink by without his noticing, but I could see that he looked upon me sadly and askance, as if I were in some way a stricken wether of the flock. I went in and sat down.

Somehow everybody else seemed to be late. I looked at the clock. It was exactly twenty-five minutes of 2. I looked at my watch again. It still said 3 o'clock. It had stopped during the night. Now mark the result. I instantly recovered from the starvation from which I had been suffering, and began to converse in my usual cheerful and intelligent manner. But I did not mention the extraordinary behavior of my watch, which I now reveal only in strict confidence.—Boston Post.

McCullough Echoes.

Joseph Haworth in private life is a student. When away from the theater Haworth spends all his spare time in completing the life of John McCullough. Haworth has an autograph letter from McCullough which money could not buy. It was written several days previous to the death of the tragedian. It was probably the last letter written by McCullough, in view of the fact that for months previous to death his brain was shattered. "We will climb the ladder of fame together, Joe," he said, "and I will help you until we both reach the top round."

"McCullough had a valet named Bob Pritchard, who was a curious fellow," said Haworth, recently. "He was a thrifty Scotchman, and to save money he always made his bed in McCullough's dressing-room in the theater. Once John missed a handsome robe which he wore in 'Richard III.' It couldn't be found. Finally, several months later, when playing in New York, two little Pritchards came to the theater, and the dresses which they wore were cut from McCullough's handsome robe.

"Pritchard expressed his sympathy curiously the day the gov'nor was buried.

"'He was a great man, Mr. Haworth,' he sobbed, 'a good man. Many a dressing-room through the country has he wiped the floor with me, sir."—Boston Globe.

Expensive Repairs.

A submarine telegraph cable has a life of from ten to twelve years. If a cable breaks in deep water after it is ten years old it cannot be lifted for repairs, as it will break of its own weight. On this account cable companies are prepared to put aside a large reserve fund in order that they may be prepared to replace their cables every ten years. The action of the sea eats the iron away so completely as to turn the outside coating to dust or sediment while the core is still intact. The breakage of an ocean cable is a very costly accident, owing to the difficulties to be encountered in repairing it. It often becomes necessary in case of a break to charter a ship at $500 per day for several days in succession, trying to fix upon the location where the cable has parted. One breakage in the Direct Cable company's line a few years ago cost that syndicate $125,000.—Boston Transcript.

Economy in Horseshoes.

A horseshoe has been patented in Canada which is provided with removable calks. These calks are easily removable, and when they require sharpening calks may be put in in about five minutes. Two sets are kept on hand, one sharp and the other dull; this effects a great saving. The shoe has tapered dovetail recesses, in which the tapered shank of the calk fits.—New York Telegram.

The fifty largest libraries in Germany possess 12,700,000 volumes, against those of England with about 6,450,000, and of North America with about 6,100,000 volumes.

ART OF PRIMITIVE MEN.

Two Totally Distinct Types Are Found Among Uncultured Races.

Whoever has examined the handicraft of savage peoples knows well that from a very early age two totally distinct types of art arise spontaneously among uncultured races. One is imitative, the other decorative. Paleolithic men—for example, the cave dwellers of prehistoric Europe before the glacial epoch—had an art of their own of a purely imitative and pictorial character. They represented on fragments of bone and mammoth ivory realistic scenes of their own hunting existence.

Here, a naked and hairy brave, flint spear in hand, stalks wild horses undismayed in the grassy plain; there, a couple of reindeer engaged in a desperate fight with their antlers hard locked in deadly embrace; yonder, again, a mammoth charges unwieldly with wide open mouth, or a snake glides unseen beneath the shoeless feet of an unsuspecting savage. All their rude works of art reproduce living objects, and tell, in their naive way, a distinct story. They are pictorial records of things done, things seen, things suffered.

Paleolithic men were essentially draughtsmen, not decorators. But their neolithic successors, of a totally different race—the herdsmen who supplanted them in post glacial Europe—had an art of an entirely different type, purely and solely decorative. Instead of making pictures they drew concentric circles and ornamental curves on their boats and dwellings; they adorned their weapons and their implements with knobs and nicks, with crosses and bosses; they wrought beautiful patterns in metal work as soon as ever they advanced to the bronze using stage, and they designed brooches and bracelets of exquisite elegance, but they seldom introduced into their craft any living object; they imitated nothing, and they never in any way told a pictorial story.

Now these two types of art—the essentially imitative or pictorial and the essentially decorative or æsthetic—persist throughout in various human races, and often remain as entirely distinct as in the typical instances here quoted. The great aim of the one is to narrate a fact; the great aim of the other is to produce a beautiful object. The first is to speak historical, the second ornamental.

In developed forms you get the extreme case of the one in the galleries at Versailles; you get the extreme case of the other in the Alhambra at Granada. The modern Esquimau and the modern Bushman resemble the ancient cave dwellers in their love of purely pictorial or story telling art; a man in a kayak harpooning a whale; a man with an assegai spearing a springbok; these are the subjects that engage—I will not say their pencils—but their sharp flint knives or their lumps of red ocher.

On the other hand, most central African races have no imitative skill. They draw figures and animals ill or not at all, but they produce decorative pottery and other ornamental objects which would excite attention at Versailles, and be well placed at the arts and crafts in the new gallery. Everywhere racial taste and racial faculty tend most in the one or the other direction. A tribe, a horde, a nation, is pictorial, or else it is decorative. Rarely or never is it both alike in an equal degree of native excellence. —Fortnightly Review.

An Artist Fooled.

Irving Montagu writes in "Wanderings of a War Artist:" "One evening I met two very fascinating Spanish girls in a quiet quarter of Irun, one of whom, being a blonde, was enveloped in a white mantilla. It being customary on meeting a white mantilla to extend her somewhat similar homage to that paid to royalty, I raised my hat, and stepped on one side to allow the couple to pass, when, in doing so, I saw to my horror, by the light of the moon, that they were followed closely by a grim and grotesque reptile, half lizard, half frog, which with a series of spasmodic bounds, was making directly for their heels. Oh, the horrid beast, the indescribable monstrosity! To rush forward and trample on the uncanny thing was the work of a moment.

"I was dumfounded; my exploit of heroism, far from inducing the gratitude I expected, was immediately followed by roars of laughter, the merry ring of which reverberated on the still night air. 'Unconscionable fool' does not express the littleness I felt as I was subjected to the ridicule of those wily damsels, and if a man is capable of that becoming peculiarity, I must have blushed scarlet. I had trodden on El drap—a piece of cloth cut into the semblance of some monstrous lizard, and attached by a thread to the skirt of the maiden, so that, by certain dexterous movements and hitches it could be made to leap after her as she hurried along. It was the Basque equivalent for the old English jokes practiced on the 1st of April."

Great Expectations.

Miss Lawson—Tom Lackland will be a great catch now.

Mr. D'Argent—Why? He hasn't any money.

Miss Lawson—Yes, but he'll be worth a million soon. His uncle died yesterday.

Mr. D'Argent—I thought the old gentleman never liked Tom.

Miss Lawson—He didn't. That's just it. He left the whole of his fortune to found a free library.—Kate Field's Washington.

Property Destroyed.

"They have queer laws out in Missouri."

"In what way are they queer?"

"Here's an account of the arrest of a man for breaking a horse's gait."—Munsey's Weekly.

After the Arrival of the New Baby.

Mama—Johnny, why don't you come in to see mama when she's sick? Don't you love me any more?

Johnny—Oh, yes, mama; but I didn't know but perhaps it might be catching. —Puck.

Wonders

Are wrought by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor in restoring gray hair to its original color, promoting a new growth, preventing the hair from falling, keeping it soft, silky, and abundant, and the scalp cool, healthy, and free from dandruff or humors. The universal testimony is that this preparation has no equal as a dressing, and is, therefore, indispensable to every well-furnished toilet.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for some time and it has worked wonders for me. I was troubled with dandruff and was rapidly becoming bald; but since using the Vigor my head is perfectly clear of dandruff, the hair has ceased coming out, and I now have a good growth, of the same color as when I was a young woman. I can heartily recommend any one suffering from dandruff or loss of hair to use Ayer's Hair Vigor as a dressing."—Mrs. Lydia O. Moody, East Pittston, Me.

"Some time ago my wife's hair began to come out quite freely.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

not only prevented my wife from becoming bald, but it also caused an entirely new growth of hair. I am ready to certify to this statement before a justice of the peace."—H. Hulsebus, Lewisburgh, Iowa.

"Some years ago, after a severe attack of brain fever, my hair all came out. I used such preparations for restoring it as my physicians ordered, but failed to produce a growth of hair. I then tried, successively, several articles recommended by druggists, and all alike fell short of accomplishing the desired result. The last remedy I applied was Ayer's Hair Vigor, which brought a growth of hair in a few weeks. I think I used eight bottles in two years; more than was necessary as a restorative, but I liked it as a dressing, and have continued to use it for that purpose. I believe Ayer's Hair Vigor possesses virtues far above those of any similar preparation now on the market."—Vincent Jones, Richmond, Ind.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

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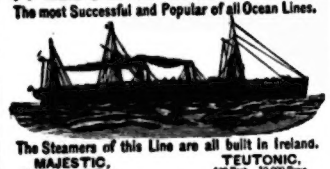

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Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 520 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 8 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 2d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 136 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 205 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm O King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—W T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 739 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Daniel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 1st Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry O Johnson, C R, 3127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 15th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2007 State st; Henry S Mewson, R S, 2516 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Heyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 508 28th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2447 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J G Schubert, C R, 133 23d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 23d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halsted st; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3322 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeen st; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 352 W Adams st; M O O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 363 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 3d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 454h and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Deallealer, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S Mayo st; J A Glow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seuss, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; F Noonan, F S; H Catlus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1066 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Both, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Montagar, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2301 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 23—B Burns, C R, 4428 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hara, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 25—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E E Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lorgenie's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 261 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 93 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P O Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lovreen, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 158 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 236 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thommets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church.

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 845 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 200 W Thirteenth st; John McGhee, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 550 N Hoyne av; Edmond C Foley, R S, 412 Waubansia av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Farel, C R, 285 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S, 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebrecht, F S; Henry Schlitz, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m.

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 286 Hudson av; W J Stapleton, R S, 236 Cleveland av; Joseph F Holden, F S; Edward O'Dea, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Muth's hall, 30 Clybourn av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonh, C R, 261 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 282 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 33—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 32—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Bitndauer, R S, 186 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schoemer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr O W Fusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 443 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 203 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; P T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 394 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 3594 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4046 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Briski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Laval Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fourbier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Drouin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Dorothy's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 3611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3044 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 506 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 103 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish.

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; M P Merach, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pioh, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; S E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st, 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Mickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 430 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Nierabach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucchini, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierozzi, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jacques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Testy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J B Dady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall.

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGean, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R, E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4731 Butterfield st; M H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

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County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams sts.
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County Secretary, John Dowling, 256 N. Clark.
County Financial Secretary, J. W. Connell, 3719 Lowe av.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 530 W. Erie.

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Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 198 Forquer st; B. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 278 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. Sec.; Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 152 W. Madison st.

Div. 3—Hugh L. Barron, Pres., 270 W. 14th st; James Carroll, V.-P.; Edward O'Neill, Rec Sec., 1066 Van Horn st; John Farrell, Fin Sec; P. J. Duffy, Treas. Meets 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m at Doherty's Hall, 446 W Twelfth st.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 261 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; P. Lavery, V. P.; Daniel Gordon, Rec. Sec., 269 S. Halsted-st; T. F. White, Fin. Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2104 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Freil, Recording Sec., 44 Depeyster st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 3 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second-st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; Jerh. Ryan, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 3256 S. Halsted-st.; John Ryan, Fin. Sec.; B. M. Nicholas, Treas. Meet first Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

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Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 378 Oak st; P. Dolan, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 258 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec.; Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

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Div. No. 11—Pres., M. C. Redmond, 17 Artesian av.; V.-P., F. J. Kane; Rec. Sec., W. G. Graham, 13 Currier st.; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, corner of Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 12—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 3202 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Kasner's hall, Lock st. and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 15—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 257 Michigan st; V.-P., James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Tait, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas, James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, Martin Mulcahy, 2336 Fifth av; V.-P., Thomas Finnigan; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3750 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec., Lawrence Heenly; Treas., P. B. Flanagan. Meets second Wednesday each month at 8 p m., at N. W. cor Thirty-seventh and Butterfield-sts.

Div. No. 18—Pres., M. Loftus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts; V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Breshahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare-Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James Thomas, 3902 Parnell av; V.-P., D. O'Brien; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Herbert; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Queally's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 198 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1220 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st.; V.-P., John McGeogeghan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John S. O'Connor; Treas. Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres. J. P. Doheny, 2259 Honore st; V. P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4456 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres. Alexander Reilly, Kensington; V.-P., M. J. Sullivan; Rec. Sec., James Dolan, Box 387 Pullman; Fin. Sec., Peter Tully; Treas, Thomas Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Pullman Hall.

Div. 31—Pres. John Dowling, 151 N Clark st; V.-P. Thomas Franey; Rec. Sec., John Mulhearn, 40 Artesian av; Fin. Sec., Michael Moore; Treas., James O. King. Meets last Saturday each month at 1066 W. Lake st.

Div. 32—Pres., Thomas Doyle, 3309 Lowe av; V.-P. J. J. Burke; Rec. Sec., M. J. O'Brien, 3203 Butler st; Fin. Sec., Patrick Quinn; Treas., Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at Kavanaugh's hall, 3618 South Halsted st.

Div. 36—President, Michael McCarthy, 610 Thirty-second st; V.-P., Patrick Foley; Rec. Sec., Martin Walsh, 2893 Lyman st.; Fin Sec., Patrick Crimmins; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first and third Saturday of each month at 686 Thirty-first st.

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ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS B. OF E.

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Elected at the New York National Convention, May, 1889.

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Patrick Dugan, National Secretary, 593 Grove st., Jersey City, N. J.
John O'Callaghan, National Treasurer, 734 Carroll av., Chicago, Ill.

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John L. Cunningham, 2200 Sidney st, St. Louis, Mo.
Owen Carroll, cor Second st, and Newark av., Jersey City, N.J.
Thomas Breen, Newton, Kas.
John Patton, No. 1 Freeman Ct., Roxbury Dist., Boston, Mass.
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John McFarland, 2734 Carson st., Pittsburg, Pa.
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T. F. Thornton, 3010 third av, Birmingham, Ala.
Daal Gallagher, Box 408, Steubenville, O.
William Sheerin, Trinidad, Colo.
P. M. Lunday, 323 Union av, St. Pueblo.
P. J. Healy, 2304 Seventh st., N W, Washington, D. C.
Thos. Noonan, 38 E Seventh st., St. Paul, Minn.
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I would not vote for a man who does not know what sort of a hat he should wear without taking the advice of another on the subject. I believe it was Shakespeare who said that dress proclaims the man. Shakespeare knew what he wanted to say, I reckon, but if he ever paid any attention to the matter he would have said the hat. It is my observation that a man will say more foolish things when he goes to buy a hat than at any other time.—Interview in Chicago Tribune.

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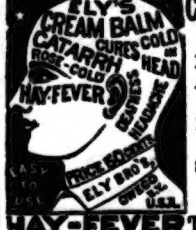

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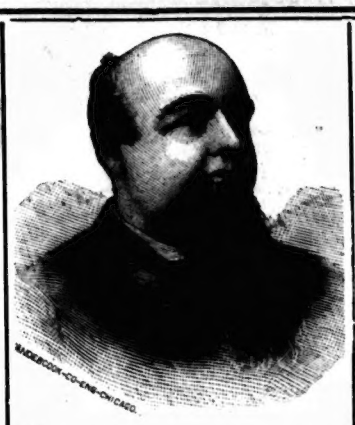

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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. March Term, A. D 1891 Mary Haynes vs. Charles Haynes. In Chancery. No. 90,128.

Notice is hereby given to the said Charles Haynes that the above named complainant heretofore filed her bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House, in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April A. D. 1891, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

HENRY BEST, Clerk.

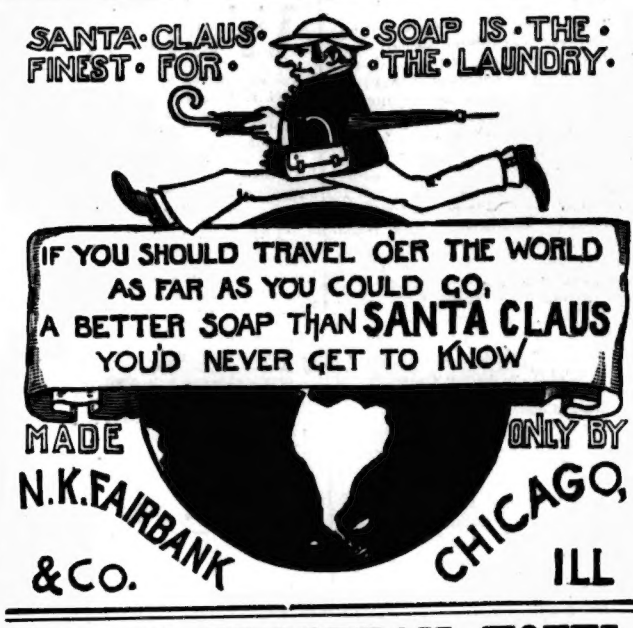
James McEnerny, Complainant's Solicitor.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK. ss. Superior Court of Cook County. May Term, A. D. 1891. Frank Lee vs. Ella Lee. In Chancery. No. 132,502.

Notice is hereby given to the said Ella Lee that the above named complainant heretofore filed his bill of complaint in said court, on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Superior Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the first Monday of May, A. D. 1891 as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

PATRICK McGRATH, Clerk.

James McEnerny, Complainant's Solicitor,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